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MY QUEEN.

BY AUSTIN DOBSON.

The daintiest piece of sweetness that I know
Is standing now behind that curtain's lace;
Withdraw the curtain softly from its place
And you may see the sweet it screeneth so.
The sunniest head that ever caught the glow
Of sunshine on it; the most flowerlike face
That ever made you dream a minute's space
Of orchards when the apple blossoms blow.
Petite, piquant, and, ah! a sad coquette,
She makes you plead for kisses times untold
And at the last denies you, and will fret
And purse her mouth, and bridle, if you scold.
She is my queen, and I her slave—and yet
This same coquette is only two years old.

WON BY WEALTH.

A Tale of a Wedding-Ring.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "WEAKER THAN A WOMAN," "THE SHADOW OF A SIN," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.

ANOTHER month passed: the beauty of the summer deepened, the corn was growing ripe in the fields, the crimson roses contrasted with the cool white lilies, the fruit hung rich and mellow on the trees, while Ismay Waldron still looked with longing eyes towards the world that she wished to enter.

She still gave every thought to the passion of her nature. In vain the ringdoves cooed and the lark soared high with its triumphant song; in vain the flowers bloomed, and her pretty child stretched out his little hands to her.

She was always thinking, always dreaming of that possible future wherein Paul might grow rich, and every desire of her heart be gratified.

She had ceased to wonder about her mother; all the romantic visions that she had once woven faded into obscurity; her life seemed planned and arranged; nothing could alter it. She was Paul Waldron's wife, and she loved him.

She wished for no greater love than his; but, if he could surround her with the luxury she loved—ah, then all would be well!

Once—and Ismay never forgot it—she went to the Manor House; there was a grand *fete* to be given to the tenantry, and Paul for the occasion had bought his beautiful young wife a dress of white muslin, with bright ribbons. When she had put it on, with a flower in her hair, she looked so that he was startled at her beauty. She read his admiration in his eyes.

"You will own," she said, "that dress makes some little difference. Ah, Paul, if I had but jewels and rich dresses, such as ladies wear!"

"You would not look more beautiful, Ismay. Now you gladden my heart, then you would gladden other eyes, and I should not be so happy, love."

Ismay never forgot that day. She looked round the magnificent rooms—on the pictures, the statues, the superb hangings, the furniture, the rare flowers—and her whole heart ached with longing. She looked on the faces of the ladies—some of them county leaders of fashion—and she saw none that could be compared with her own. She watched the hundred evidences of wealth, and her very soul seemed on fire with the eagerness of her wishes.

"Why is there naught for me?" she said to herself. "Why should others have money, luxury, and splendor, while I, who am fairer than they, must pass my life in a lonely cottage, counting each shilling as I spend it?"

She saw the glances of admiration cast upon her; she heard one ask another:

"Who is that beautiful girl?" and her vanity was flattered.

If, so plainly attired, she could produce this marked sensation, what would she not do when magnificently dressed?

In the midst of her excitement and pleasure she could not refrain from noticing one thing—amongst all the crowd of men there was not one who surpassed in appearance her husband Paul.

It was the first time she had mixed in society, or had seen what is commonly called the world.

She had imagined that all those who bore noble names would carry the impress of those names on face and figure.

Here were lords, baronets, and esquires, but she saw amongst them no face more noble than Paul's, no figure more manly; she heard no voice with so true a ring, she saw no smile so luminous and frank.

"He is one of Nature's noblemen," said the young wife to herself, and her heart grew as she looked at him. She had thought that amongst people so greatly above him in position he would perhaps show shy embarrassment or confusion; but on his frank, noble face there was no trace of either.

" 'There's somewhat in this world amiss
Shall be unriddled by-and-by,' "

said Ismay to herself, as she watched him. "If it were not so, Paul would occupy one of the grand places these men cannot fill so worthily as he." She saw gentlemen of position talking to him, seemingly deeply interested in his conversation. She noticed another thing—his love was like a watchful presence round her; he never forgot her; he seemed to be always thinking of her comfort, or what she would like; and again the young wife said to herself—

"No one could ever love me as Paul does."

There came over her a vague kind of wonder as to what she would do without his love. She might as well be without food to eat, fresh air to breathe, Life without Paul's love! She smiled to herself at the idea, and he, watching her from a distance, came to ask her while she smiled. She looked with frank, sweet eyes into his face.

"I was thinking what the world would be like to me without you," she replied "and I cannot realise it."

"Heaven grant that you never may, sweet! I shall never know what the world is without you for I could not live if I lost you."

The time came when they both remembered those words.

So the struggle went on in her mind—the passionate longing, the wishes, the thirst for pleasure, the craving for wealth, doing battle always with the love of husband and child and the spirit of content.

She had longed for fortune, and it was coming to her; she longed for power and position, it was to be hers, but she was unconscious of it, and said to herself at times that her life would be spent in dreams.

One morning she sat in the garden making a faint pretence at work, but the needle had fallen, and the white hands lay listless and still.

She sat under the shade of a large elm-tree, and the sunbeams falling through the green leaves were like a halo around her, heightening her marvellous beauty. She was engrossed in her day-dream of that golden future, when the little maid-servant came to tell her that a gentleman wished to see her.

She rose hastily, a crimson flush on her fair face. A gentleman to see her! Who could it be?

Before she had time to ask the question, she saw a gentleman entering through the garden gate. He advanced towards her and bowed.

"Have I the pleasure of addressing Mrs. Waldron?" he asked.

He was so different from the people she had passed her life amongst that she blushed and hesitated. She could not help noticing that the stranger was watching her intently, and that his eyes lingered on her face with an interest that was not curiosity; he was studying every feature, and when she spoke he listened eagerly to every word.

"I must apologise," he said, "for intruding, but the garden gate was open, and I saw you here. Time is very precious with me. I thought you would pardon me if I followed the maid."

She looked at him as though she would fain ask him who he was; but at that moment the stranger's gaze fell on the lovely little boy who was playing on the grass. Suddenly a change came over his face; he made a hurried step, and then stood still.

"Is that your child—your son—Mrs. Waldron?" he asked, eagerly.

"Yes," she replied; "that is my baby boy."

"I am very fond of children," said the stranger; "will you let me nurse him?" He took the child in his arms, and looked just as intently in his face.

"He is a noble boy," he said, "a princely child. What is his name, Mrs. Waldron?"

She forgot the irregularity of the interview in her delight at the gentleman's admiration.

"His name is Lionel," she replied; "we call him Leo. His father wished him to take my name, but I would not consent."

"Your name must be a peculiar one if you could give it to a boy," he said; and, if Mrs. Waldron had looked more intently at him, she would have seen that the subject was one of great moment to him.

"My name is Ismay," she said, and at the word a strange flush of delight came over the visitor's face; and then Mrs. Waldron seemed to remember that she had not yet heard the reason of his visit.

"Did you wish to see my husband?" she asked.

"No," he replied, slowly. "My object in waiting upon you is to ask your permission to make a sketch of this charming little cottage."

Ismay looked up in delight.

"A picture of my home," she said. "I think there can be no objection. Are you an artist."

The visitor smiled a strange, and peculiar smile.

"Not by profession; but I am fond of drawing."

Then slowly, and with great art, he drew her into conversation. He told her that he had heard her history and sympathised with her. He asked her if she remembered anything of her life before she came to Ashburnham.

"I could not possibly remember," she replied—"I was but three years old. The only childish memory I have is, strange to say, of my mother's hair—beautiful brown waving hair—with which I used to play; her face comes dimly before me at times I remember nothing more."

"You were three years old," he said "how do you know that?"

"I have heard Mrs. Hope say so," she answered. "When will you begin the sketch?"

Here it suddenly struck Ismay that perhaps Paul would not be pleased if he knew how long this stranger had been in the garden.

A slow smile spread over his face. A shrewder woman would have divined at once that he had gone there for an object, and that the object was attained.

"With your permission, Mrs. Waldron, I will call again, and then we can arrange about the sketch."

After a few more complimentary words, the stranger withdrew, leaving Ismay flattered, yet puzzled. What an interest he had taken in her! How engrossed he had been in her story, and how pleased he had been with Leo! She sat dreaming under the elm-tree, thinking of everything that had been said, until the maid came again to interrupt her; and then she grew ashamed of herself.

"How much thought I am giving to a stranger!" she said. "It must be because I so seldom see one."

* * * * * *

Bertram, Lord Carlswood, had the reputation of being the proudest man in England. He was proud of his name, of his race, of his pedigree—proud of his unstained honors, of his large fortune, of his gentle wife, of his fair children—proud of the repute in which he was held, of his high standing in the country. As a river gathers force and strength from every tributary stream, so he made every gift Heaven had bestowed upon him tributary to his pride.

People in speaking of him said he was just and generous, but very proud. This pride was not shown in patronage of his equals, but in the most rigid observance of class distinctions. He never pardoned any disregard of those distinctions; he was punctilious in the extreme; he gave to all persons the honor due to them and he expected the same in return; he addressed each one by his rightful title, and insisted on being so addressed himself. He considered the Carlswoods of Bralyn among the leading spirits of the country; they had few equals, no superiors.

"Had the Carlswoods been kings, they would have known how to reign," he was wont to say.

Another of his most frequent sayings was—

"The Carlswoods were an old family when William the Norman took possession of our fair Saxon land; but study their records, and you will see that no Carlswood was ever dishonored. There has never been a rogue a fortune-hunter, or traitor, or renegade amongst us; and—thank Heaven!—no Carlswood ever made a low marriage."

There were some who said that pride of such a kind must have a fall—that it could not always remain so arrogant; but the stately head had not yet been bent in humility or sorrow—there was no stooping of his erect figure, no softening of the haughty face.

Lord Carlswood married the daughter of the Duchess of Middleham, a gentle, high-bred, elegant woman. They had four children—three sons and one daughter. The father's face would glow with pride as he looked round on the young faces.

"There's no fear of the old race dying out yet," he would say.

He loved his wife, he was proud of his sons; but the great delight of his heart—the very light and brightness of his home—was his daughter Katrine, a beautiful, gay, high-spirited girl, who had all the Carlswood spirit, with its attendant pride. Her father literally worshipped her. He watched her beauty as it developed day by day; he pleased himself by imagining what her future would be. What position could be too exalted for his daughter?

When Katrine reached her tenth year, Lady Carlswood died. Her husband did not marry again. "The Carlswoods never marry twice," he said, grandly; and he was true to the traditions of his race.

It was not a matter of great moment to the boys. Little of their time was spent at Bralyn; they went to Eton, and thence to Oxford; they were left principally in the charge of tutors.

Lord Carlswood was careful to impress upon them the nobility of their race, and the obligation they were under to keep the glory of their name unsullied and their

honor unstained; he left the rest to their teachers.

But for Katrine Carlswood her mother's death was a far more serious matter. Her father was unwilling to send her to school; he did not wish her be out of his sight. He had governesses and masters for her; he did his best for her, but it was most lamentably done.

He drew up a code of rules and regulations which was to be rigidly adhered to. he made no allowance for girlish gaiety or exuberance of spirits; and the result was; that Katrine grew to look upon home as a prison.

She loved her father because she had sufficient intelligence to appreciate his higher qualities, but she considered him to be something like a gaoler, and gloried in evading his rules.

The method of his training was bad; yet he would never receive advice on the subject.

Experienced matrons would tell him that change and relaxation were needful for the girl; he would draw himself up proudly and say:

"The ladies of the house of Carlswood are not to be treated after the fashion of ordinary schoolgirls."

When the catastrophe came, no one was surprised.

Lord Carlswood had decided that his daughter should make her debut when she had reached her nineteenth year; until then she was to study hard, and perfect herself in all needful accomplishments by the help of masters.

He frowned contemptuously when his friends told him that it was unfair to treat a girl of eighteen like a child.

None knew how in after years he repented of not following that advice.

There was a church at Lynn, and before her death Lady Carlswood had presented the rector with a very fine organ; moreover she had asked her husband to set aside a certain sum to pay for an organist, which he had cheerfully consented to do.

The first organist employed was an elderly man, who had a wife and family to support.

A more remunerative engagement presented itself, and he threw up his post.

He was succeeded by a young and very handsome man—Thornton Cameron, a musician of no mean skill.

Lord Carlswood never saw him; he considered that his interest in the matter ceased when the yearly stipend was paid.

He was in London when Katrine wrote to ask if he would allow her to learn the organ—to take some lessons from the organist at St. Luke's—Mr. Cameron.

"He is considered very clever," she wrote; "and it would be a great pleasure to me to learn upon an organ that was the gift of my dear mother."

Lord Carlswood had no dream of danger; to his haughty mind then it would have seemed as probable that his daughter would fall in love with one of his grooms as with her teacher; not even the faintest suspicion occurred to him, and Miss Carlswood's governess, who did feel some scruples, was silenced by being told that "Lord Carlswood wished it."

The handsome young organist thought he was making a grand future for himself when he saw a chance of wooing Miss Carlswood.

He was very handsome, light of heart and pleasant of speech, gay with the gaiety of youth, gifted with a fatal, specious eloquence; and Katrine thought the world had never seen his peer.

They could not converse freely in the quiet seclusion of the old church, when the light streamed through the stained windows and the governess stood by; but before long Katrine's kindness had encouraged him to write little notes, and she had replied to them.

He grew bolder, and asked her to steal from beneath her father's roof to meet him.

She foolishly consented; and when the infatuated young man told her how deeply he loved her she owned that she loved him.

Was it love, or was it an ambitious desire to raise himself far above his station, which actuated him?

No one ever knew, and Thornton Cameron kept his secret.

It was a base betrayal of trust, a cruel fraud—it was an unpardonable deception, a most dishonorable deed—but he succeeded in winning what the poor girl thought was her love, and, after great persuasion she consented to elope with him.

She had been so badly trained, was so young, so wild in the flush of girlish spirits, that she thought little of the consequences.

The sensation that must follow amused her.

She enjoyed thinking of the fright, the search and the emotion of her stately father when he should hear that she was married.

"It will be stealing a march upon papa," she said, with a gay, ringing laugh that should have smote her companion like a sharp sword. "He was so particular that I should not make my debut until I was nineteen; what will he say when he hears that I am married?"

There was no excuse to be made for her save that she was charmed with her lover's handsome face, with his musical voice, his eloquent words, his passionate pleading and prayers.

She was charmed to be the heroine of a quasi-romance; it would be so amusing to appear in London as Mrs. Cameron, instead of Miss Carlswood.

The whole matter seemed to be simply a delightful adventure; she thought that her father, after perhaps reproaching her in a stately fashion, would again receive her with open arms.

"No Carlswood ever made a low marriage"—she had heard that expression often enough, but it never entered her mind that hers was what would be called a "low marriage."

Thornton Cameron was handsomer than, and quite as polished in manner as, the gentlemen who had visited Bralyn.

There was nothing about him that could be called vulgar, much less low; and Katrine, although clever beyond her years, did not know much of the world.

She would have considered herself making a low marriage if she had promised to run away with a footman or a groom; but an artist was to her a gentleman.

How could a man who created such grand harmonies, and who gave his whole time and attention to the cultivation of the purest taste—how could such a man be low?

She considered him a genius, and genius, she said to herself, levels all ranks.

She had read somewhere of a king who stooped to pick up the brush of a painter.

Was a painter better than a musician? she asked herself.

Certainly not.

If, then, a king could honor a painter, surely her father might respect a musician.

She had read of such great honors being paid to them—of kings and queens who had done homage to their genius and reverenced their names.

Still it seemed strange that a girl, reared in the very atmosphere of pride, should have forgotten the lesson of her life; but such was the case when, one fine autumn evening, she stole from the time-honored walls of Bralyn, and eloped with the handsome young organist of Lynn.

CHAPTER IV.

THE anger of Lord Carlswood, when he heard of his daughter's elopement, was something terrible to witness.

She had written to him—smiling as she wrote, thinking only of the novelty, ignoring the terrible consequences that might follow—telling him that she had found that the happiness of her life depended entirely on her love, and that, before he had read her letter, she would be Thornton Cameron's wife.

He read the words with a frown, and took an oath never while he lived to look upon her face again—an oath which he kept unbroken.

He might have taken a dozen different methods of punishing the man who had robbed him of his daughter; he adopted none of them.

He contented himself with casting her off forever.

She was no longer a Carlswood; his love for her changed into bitterest hate.

She had broken the long spell—he could never again say that no Carlswood had ever contracted a low marriage; he could never boast that the name was unsullied.

She had stained it by running away with a low-born stranger; nothing could restore its lustre, nothing could give back its lost glory.

His anger was something terrible—terrible in its depth, its silence, its intensity.

To himself he said that if she were lying at his feet dying of hunger he would not give her bread.

He made no loud complaints; he never mentioned her name.

If any one attempt to condole with him, he held up his hand with a stately gesture that enforced silence.

His scorn, his anger, his terrible indignation, lay too deep for words.

He went at once to Bralyn, where all the household were prepared to defend themselves; but he did not condescend to ask any questions.

His game-keepers wished to tell him of rambles in the woods, of stolen meetings in the grounds; the haughty nobleman refused to hear a syllable.

He dismissed the governess with a sardonic compliment; he gave orders that everything which had ever belonged to the unfortunate Katrine should be removed from the house; he refused to say where they were to be taken to or anything about them, and they were ultimately deposited in the gatekeeper's lodge.

Despite his pride, his sternness, his terrible contempt and scorn, there was something pitiful in the proud man's silent, solitary despair.

He took down the record of his children's births; he read over the names of his boys; and then a great mist of tears seemed to hide the word "Katrine" from him—burning tears, all the more painful because since his wife's death he had shed none.

He sat alone in his library, and before him rose like so many ghosts all the hopes he had centred in that beautiful daughter; he remembered her as a lovely laughing child—as a lovely high-spirited girl.

He thought of the dead mother who had loved her so dearly, and a deep bitter sigh came from the depths of his overcharged heart. His daughter—his daughter!

Never more was he to hear the gay young voice—never more to watch the beautiful face; she was worse, ten thousand times worse, than dead.

Dead, he could have loved her still, he could have visited her grave, he could have spoken of her; but she was dishonored and disgraced, she was unworthy of regret—she who had brought the first stain upon the name of Carlswood—she who had stooped to deceive him.

Slowly he opened the silver inkstand, and drew his pen through her name—"Katrine Ismay Carlswood."

One by one the letters disappeared, beneath his heavy stroke, and when they had all disappeared it seemed to him that his daughter lay dead.

In silence more bitter than the silence of death he laid his face down on the obliterated words.

Presently he arose and closed the record, drawing his stately figure to its full height.

"I have mourned my dead," he said to himself; "now it remains for me to forget."

And forget, to all outward appearance, he did. He called the butler, who, from having been so long with him, was raised to the dignity of a confidential friend.

"You know Mrs. Cameron's handwriting," he said. "Be good enough for the future to look over all letters before I see them; and, if there are any from her destroy them."

And after that time Lord Carlswood lived as though he had no daughter. Only the butler knew how many heart-broken letters came to Bralyn, how many pathetic appeals, how many cries for help.

Even if Lord Carlswood had known, it would have made no difference—he would rather have died than have yielded.

So time passed on, and the name of the young girl who had been the pride of his race was never even heard; all trace of her had disappeared, and the servants had ceased, even in whispers, to refer to her.

Lord Carlswood grew prouder than ever.

"I have three sons," he would say to himself, "and they will do honor to my name."

People said afterwards that he was justly punished for his pride.

The three young men were all strong, and likely to live to a good old age; but, by a strange chapter of accidents, he lost them. The two eldest, who were passionately fond of yachting, were both lost in a terrific storm—they with all on board their yacht.

Lord Carlswood had often expressed his dislike of the amusement.

"Men who have to carry on the name of a great race," he would say to them, "should not wilfully endanger their lives."

They laughed at his fears; and one bright summer it was arranged that they should go to the Mediterranean.

Lord Carlswood opposed the plan, but in the end he consented.

They touched at most of the famous towns on the Italian coast. One morning they were about to set sail, when an Italian sailor warned them against doing so.

"There will be a white squall before the day is over," he said, but they—Lord Carlswood's sons—laughed at his fears.

"We will risk it," they said.

The sun was shining on the sea, and the white cloud in the distance was as "a man's hand."

They set sail in despite of all advice and warning; they had not been long at sea before the squall in its wildest fury broke over them.

From the shore the boat was seen to founder, and desperate efforts were made to save the ill-fated men, but all in vain. On the day afterwards, when the sun shone warm and bright, and the angry sea had subsided, the body of Lord Carlswood's eldest son was washed ashore, but the other was never found.

Those who knew Lord Carlswood spoke of the terrible change that had come over him; long years of care and toil could not have aged him as his sorrow did; his hair grew white, his stately figure drooped, his hands trembled.

A few months passed, and his anxiety about his only son was almost pitiful to witness.

He could not endure him out of his presence—he could not rest one minute away from him.

He was so nervously apprehensive, that by his cautions he made the boy's life miserable.

"Remember you are the last of the Carlswoods," he would say to him "our name, our race, all depends on you."

But, when the fiat has gone forth, who shall arrest it—what human hand shall stay its course? The last of the Carlswoods fell ill of a dangerous fever.

There were many who said that his father's excessive care helped to kill him—that he had too many doctors. Too many nurses—that he employed too many remedies.

But be the cause what it might, the result was that, after all his care, his almost frantic efforts, the boy died, and in his old age Lord Carlswood was left alone.

For long hours after the boy's death he sat as one stunned and bewildered—he could not realize the blow.

Only a short time since, as it seemed to him, wife and children were all around him. Death had swept them away, and he was alone.

When they roused him at last, he stood up and looked around him. He bowed his head, white now with sorrow.

"The hand of Heaven lies heavily upon me," he said; and that was the only murmur which came from his proud lips. Even on the day his son was buried he looked haggard and ill, but no word escaped him.

"The Carlswoods know how to suffer in silence," he said to himself—and no man knew the smart of his pain.

CHAPTER V.

LORD CARLSWOOD owned that his sorrow was a heavy one, but it did not humble his pride. In vain the white haired old chaplain, who had taught him when he was a boy, spoke to him of the humility that should follow a great affliction.

"My children are dead, sir, and every hope of my life is destroyed; but the last thing a Carlswood lays down is what you are pleased to call his pride."

But the time came when he was obliged to look to the future. The Bralyn property was not entailed; it had passed at times into the hands of the male heirs of the daughters of the house, the only stipulation being that whoever reigned there must take the title and name of Carlswood.

In the regin of George the First, Francis, Lord Carlswood, had three daughters, but no son; he was succeeded by the second son of his eldest daughter, who had married Lord Burton, and so the succession was kept up.

But now Lord Carlswood looked around him with a vague feeling of fear and wonder as to who was to succeed him, who was to carry on the glories and the honors of the grand race.

He had no next of kin; there was no stout, stalwart young cousin whom he could summon as his heir, and every drop of his ancient blood rose in hot rebellion at the thought of a stranger's reigning at Bralyn. What was to be done? In great tribulation Lord Carlswood sent for his lawyer, Mr. Ford, of Lincoln's Inn.

Mr. Ford had been the family solicitor for many years. When Miss Carlswood ran away from home, he had begged her father to give her at least a small fortune, but the master of Bralyn had sternly refused. From his countless thousands he would not give one shilling.

"Not even to save her life," he added; and Mr. Ford turned away with a sigh. After that he never dared to mention her name; and now, when his lordship sent for him to consult him, he hesitated before speaking.

"There is but one course I can suggest to your lordship, and that will not please you."

"What is it?" was the brief question.

"I was unfortunate enough to incur your anger the last time I referred to the matter. Nothing but the deepest interest in your affairs induces me to risk a repetition of the offense. Your lordship forgets that you have still a daughter living."

"I have no daughter," was the stern reply; "she died years ago—to me."

"She may have had children," continued the lawyer; "she may have sons and daughters. Granted that the offence she has committed is unpardonable, her children are innocent."

Lord Carlswood's face grew very pale. He pushed away his chair, and began to walk with rapid, agitated footsteps up and down the room. Mr. Ford watched him intently the while.

"Innocent!" he said, at length, with scornful emphasis. "They may be innocent enough; but you forget they are children of a low-born low-bred thief, who stole my—my daughter from me!"

It was so many years since his lips had fashioned the word that they seemed to tremble over it.

"How could I," he continued, "bring the children of such a man to live here at Bralyn? How could I let them succeed such ancestors as mine? It is impossible."

"It would be better, perhaps, than to allow a stranger to come after you, or than letting the old name go to ruin and decay. They may be the children of Thornton Cameron, but they belong to your race also, my lord—there is no denying that fact—they may even have your features."

An expression of unutterable loathing came over the proud old face.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A SHADOWED LOVE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DOCTOR WESTWOOD'S SECRET," "MARJORIE'S TRIALS," "HEARTS AND CORONETS," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.—[CONTINUED.]

INDEED!" replied Monsieur Armand, with an air of polite interest, trifling with a bunch of grapes as he had seen his master do—in fact, his manners were always as close an imitation of the Duke's grand air as he could accomplish.

"Yes," returned the courier, "that journey was my last and most successful."

"Your patron—it was a lady, I think, was it not?—she was rich and generous then?" remarked the valet carelessly.

"No, she was not rich. I did not even get my expenses for my pains," retorted Mr. Brown. "But I go"—glancing at Florine meaningly—"something much better. Is it not so, madame?"

"You speak in riddles," said the valet. "And since I perceive that madame is not jealous"—with a bow towards Florine—"it would not be indiscreet to ask you to explain who is this mysterious lady who is not rich and yet bestows such great rewards? We are not now in the time of the fairies."

Hitherto Monsieur Armand had been scarcely interested; his thoughts had been busy with the subject with which he most concerned himself; he was studying how to bring it adroitly on the tapis.

Now however, as he lifted his keen black eyes, he intercepted a warning glance shot from the brilliant orbs of Madame Brown towards her husband. That glance roused Monsieur Armand's curiosity.

"Relate to us the adventure" he said. "I am fond of adventures."

"Yes, it was an adventure," said the courier; "it was like one of your French novels. When I think of it all"—breaking out into irrepressible laughter—"I—I could laugh till my sides ached! It was one of the best jokes—ha, ha!"

"My friend," interposed the bride, "monsieur's glass is empty; you forget your duties."

There was again that warning, uneasy look in her eyes as she tried to meet her husband's; and again the valet was piqued.

What was there in that night's adventure which Madame Florine desired so especially to conceal?

Monsieur Brown had traveled on that co-

casion with a lady, an invalid or an eccentric, who spoke bad German and halted at impossible places.

Monsieur Brown had been reticent, even brusque, on the subject of his patron at that time; and, now that he was disposed to be communicative, madame had some reason for restraining his confidence.

What was this mystery which, it struck the Frenchman, was to be especially a secret from him?

"Monsieur's glass is empty," repeated the courier, with somewhat boisterous hilarity. "Hold, monsieur; let me fill it, and I will give you a toast"—as the yellow wine creamed and frothed in the shallow glass. "We will drink to the health and happiness of the lady who traveled with monsieur and me, and—and"—almost breaking down into laughter again—"with Monsieur le Due de Grandvilliers also."

The valet clinked his glass against his host's and drank the toast with grave Grandvilliers politeness.

Mr. Brown's manners were not so polished.

Something in the valet's acceptance of his toast appeared to amuse him excessively; he threw himself back in his chair and laughed long and unrestrainedly with what Monsieur Armand considered brutal ill-manners.

It was in vain that the bride coughed behind her dimpled hand, that she blushed crimson and strove to divert her countryman's attention.

Mr. Brown laughed on with a persistency which would have been exasperating if he had not been a privileged person for that day.

"Excuse me," he had the grace to say, as he wiped his eyes; "out it was too good a joke, upon my word—too good!" He showed symptoms of a relapse; and Florine rose hastily from table.

"The evening is so fine," she said, "shall we not walk in the garden? You English people stay always in your rooms; we prefer the air and the flowers. Is it not so, monsieur?"

They all strolled out on the green terrace of the hotel—the wedding-dinner had taken place at Richmond, and "in style," as the courier said.

The two men lighted cigars, and the bridegroom's broad chest shook from time to time with suppressed chuckles, the echoes of the late storm of laughter.

"You are still amused?" Monsieur Armand remarked on one of those occasions.

"Yes," returned the courier, "it tickled me to see you drinking to that—that lady, you know, and to think——"

"*Mon ami*," interrupted Florine, "here is the coffee. I asked that they would bring it to us here on the terrace. Shall we take it now? Ah, how charming it is here!" she exclaimed, with what seemed to Monsieur Armand a little affected rapture as they entered the rustic arbor where the coffee was served.

It was plain that Madame Brown desired for the second or third time, to silence her husband.

"If you will permit me, I will finish my cigar first," the valet said, strolling on through the garden paths and leaving the newly-married pair *tete-a-tete*.

Monsieur Armand had a keen suspicion that Mr. Brown's amusement was at his expense, and that he had in some way been tricked or duped, and he set his quick wits to work to solve the mystery of that diligence journey.

Who was the lady? Could she, by chance, have been Madame Florine herself? No. Had he not seen and conversed with the maid after the departure of the diligence that morning? Then who could it have been? Ah!

Monsieur Armand's pulses beat quickly with the foreshadowing of a discovery. The circuitous path had brought him, in his preoccupation, to the back of the arbor where he had left the bride and bridegroom.

He was divided from it by a screen of shrubs; and through this light barrier the voice of Madame Florine, earnest in remonstrance, penetrated to his ears.

"What imprudence!" she was saying. "Another word, and he will have guessed that it was Mademoiselle Verney!

"How you have made me tremble! Mon ami, I entreat you to be prudent. Think of the compromise to that dear mademoiselle, of the anger of madame!"

"My darling," said the courier, "there is no fear—trust me; he could never guess. That night's work won me my wife, you know.

"I couldn't do less than drink Miss Verney's health on my wedding-day, could I, little one? I wonder how Madame de Rougemont smoothed it all over with the old Duke? It has been on my tongue to ask Armand more than once, but he is as close as wax!"

"Ah," cried the courier's wife, with, as the valet could hear, a shiver of fear, "do not risk anything!

"Madame has made but one condition with us in return for all her goodness—silence.

"And we must not injure Mademoiselle Verney. If Monsieur le Due should discover—— What is that?"—as the shrubs rustled faintly under Monsieur Armand's inadvertent touch.

"Let us speak no more of these things; they are dangerous; the trees may have ears."

Monsieur Armand crept away stealthily to a safe distance, and then stood still for a brief moment to contemplate, with the admiration of a fellow-artist, the working of the plot which had suddenly opened out before him.

"Sapristi! It was well done!" he exclaimed. "Who could have thought that the clumsy Englishman would have drawn himself so well out of the affair?

"I could not have arranged it better myself! It was splendid! And Monsieur le Due, who has been so cleverly tricked by them all! The courier does well to laugh!"

There was no change in his manner when he walked presently into the arbor and took his cup of coffee from Madame Florine's fair hand.

And, if there was a little significance in his tone as he bade the happy pair adieu, announcing that he should return to Paris in the morning, Florine thought she knew how to interpret it.

"I am tired of idleness already," he said, "and I have no more business in England."

A plaintive look and a little smothered sigh seemed to say to Florine, "Why should I stay to see the happiness of my rival?

"My errand to England has been a failure." And Florine veiled her bright eyes with their dark lashes and tried to look demurely unconscious as she wished her countryman adieu and echoed his softly-murmured "*Beaucoup de bonheur!*"

CHAPTER XVIII.

"THIS anxiety and brooding over the past will kill her, after all," Clara Wilmer was saying to herself, as her hands superintended the ceaseless round of her busy sewing-machine, and her eyes wandered to where Estelle was arranging the handful of purple and red leaves, ferns, and berries which she had brought in from her walk. "She does not forget; it is preying on her heart," thought Clara, marking how the feverish unrest burned in carnation brightness upon the delicate cheek, enhancing its beauty but suggesting anxious thoughts to the watchful friend. "That wretch will have murdered her too. If she could only meet some one else!" Clara's eyes went a little further and glanced out of the window to where the long avenue of Beechwood Manor stretched away in a russet line into the blue distance. "If the Manor were only inhabited again!" Clara's thought wandered farther than her eyes in the sort of dream in which happy matrons love to indulge on behalf of their solitary sisters. "That would set it all right," concluded the Vicaress, briskly twirling her wheel and coming back from a long muse. "That" was buried in the depths of her own consciousness.

The Vicar came in presently from a long round of parish visits, opening the drawing-room door and stepping with the briskness of a man who has pleasant news to communicate—where news is at a premium too.

"Guess what I have heard to-day," said he, as he threw himself down in his chair. "Estelle, come and give me a cup of tea, and I will reward you by telling you my news—if Clara can't guess it in the meantime."

"Somebody is married or engaged," said his wife.

"Characteristic, but incorrect," returned her husband. "I wonder why a woman's first idea in connection with news is matrimonial."

"The Bishop has given somebody a good living—not you, John!" cried Clara, turning quietly to him.

The Vicar laughed.

"No, indeed," said he. "But, after that last guess, I am afraid even my great piece of news will fall very flat."

"It is always a mistake to raise people's expectations"—Clara pretended to pout as she pushed aside her work-stand and came across to the tea-table. "I don't think much of your news beforehand, John. Thanks," to Estelle, taking her tea. "Still you may as well tell us what it is."

"Sir Wilfrid Drummond is coming home at last."

"The very thing!" cried Clara, setting down her cup and clapping her hands. "Is it true, John? Are you quite sure it is true?"

"Quite," her husband answered. "I have it on the best authority—Martin's, the house steward.

"He had just heard from Lady Drummond, from Paris. The old man was in a great fluster. They are coming next week; and he does not see, he says, how the house can be ready on such short notice. They are bringing visitors with them too."

"I am so glad they are coming!" said Clara.

"So am I," replied the Vicar. "It will be good for the parish to have a resident landlord again.

"If Sir Wilfrid fulfills the promise of his youth, he will be an acquisition to the neighborhood. He was a fine lad."

"Lady Drummond is a sweet woman," said Clara, with enthusiasm. "It will be delightful to have her back again. They say too that she has brought up her son splendidly."

"Is that why you are so pleased—because Lady Drummond is a sweet woman—because she has brought up her son so well?" asked the Vicar, with malice.

"No—well, yes," answered Clara, coloring at first beneath his inquisitorial glance, and then recovering herself with a proper spirit.

"It is one or two or three reasons. I am glad on every account that Beechwood is to be reopened. That shut-up house has been an eyesore for years. It will be good for you and for me and for the parish to have the Drummonds back again."

"Now confess," said the Vicar, the next time he and his wife were alone together, "that there *was* some special and particular significance in your exclamation 'The very thing!' when I announced the Drummonds return this afternoon. What plot are you hatching now in that clever brain of yours?"

"Don't be suspicious or inquisitive!" retorted his wife. "Have I not given you reasons in plenty—good, substantial reasons?"

"I should like to know the reason."

"Would you?" returned Clara, with a saucy little mouth.

The Vicar laughed and let her have the last word—partly, he acknowledged, because being a woman, he knew she would get it.

The Drummonds themselves followed very quickly upon the announcement of their return, and the reoccupation of Beechwood Manor caused a stir and excitement in the quiet neighborhood.

The late Baronet had lived abroad for some years before his death, and his young successor had not visited the place since his boyhood.

Lady Drummond had been much beloved by her neighbors, and her return was hailed with delight.

Moreover there was much curiosity about and interest in the new Baronet, who was understood to be a young man of great promise.

The period of mourning for his father was over, and it was anticipated that Beechwood would resume its old place at the head of the hospitalities and gaieties in the neighborhood.

The wave of excitement floated even Estelle with the rest. Movement of any kind was congenial to the feverish restlessness which possessed her.

And Lady Drummond was charming. She walked down to the Vicarage a day or two after her arrival to have a long chat with her old friends and to be put *au courant* respecting all the affairs of the village?

"I am so glad to be at home again amongst our own dear people," she said, with a sigh and a smile. "And Wilfrid is like a school-boy home for the holidays.

"He was to have come with me to see you; but somebody wanted him just at the moment of starting, and I would not wait. He is called every way at the same moment; and we have a party of gentlemen staying with us for the shooting. Miss Verney—is this Miss Verney?"—as Estelle entered the room.

"Ah, I need not ask—I can see! My dear, you must let me kiss you. I knew you when you were quite a little girl."

The tears in her eyes, the sympathetic tenderness of her manner, won the girl's sad heart in a moment. She remembered how her mother had known and loved Lady Drummond.

"Cannot you all come and dine with us? Let me see. To-day is Wednesday — shall we say Friday?" Lady Drummond asked, as she took her leave. "It is Wilfrid's only chance of really seeing you."

The invitation was accepted as readily as it was given, and Clara Wilmer was in a flutter on the score of toilette.

Not her own; that was decided upon at once, and without any difficulty. Her one dinner-dress, the pearl gray silk, trimmed with her wedding-lace, was in good order, and saved her all the embarrassment of choice. It was Estelle's toilette which occupied Clara. The question as to whether rich cream silk or simple girlish white muslin would be the more suitable attire for the occasion appeared to be one of paramount importance.

The elegant Parisian dresses, which had never been taken out of the trunks until now, were spread out in Estelle's room and Clara went from one to another, knitting her fair brow and pondering deeply, with a gravity and earnestness worthy of Madame de Rougemont herself.

"The silk is beautiful," she said; "but I am not sure that it does not make you look too old. The muslin is so girlish."

"What does it matter?" said Estelle wearily.

"Not much I dare say," answered Clara; "you will look well in any one of them. But I have desire to see you look your best. Remember I have never seen you in your evening fineries. I don't know what a real genuine Parisian toilette is like; and I am dearly fond of finery, although you wouldn't think it.

I delight in the thought of seeing you 'dressed up.' Now what shall it be"—returning to her anxious deliberation—"simplicity, or a statuesque richness, or artistic combination, or—— That shimmering gray-green is exquisite, like the sheen of a flowing river."

"Nile green," put in Estelle.

"And, if you should be pale, that dainty soft pink would be so becoming!" said Clara hesitatingly. "You are pale now; but sometimes your color burns. No, I believe there is nothing like white. What exquisite frills and bows! What lovely lace!"—handling it lovingly. "It is all 'marvelous delicate wear,' as Queen Elizabeth said. Oh, my dear"—and the Vicar's wife sat down in the midst of the display—"I thought that the babies and the parish and a well-regulated mind had subdued me to a proper dead level of pearl-grey; but I begin to see that certain instincts are only dormant, not conquered in me. I really believe—only what would John say? that I should like to wear that delicious rose-colored sacque myself! As to lace," Clara argued presently, "that is a feminine instinct not to be eradicated with any amount of self-discipline; but then fortunately even a dowdy country Vicaress may wear her great-great-grandmother's old point an her great-great-grandfather's Mechlin without prejudice or offence."

"Your lace is beautiful, Mrs. Wilmer—a great deal handsomer than any of mine," said Estelle.

"Yes, perhaps it is," admitted Clara. "But we have not settled the important question. What are you to wear to-morrow night?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NEARLY one-seventh of Ireland is bog. Much is reclaimable, but at great cost.

Bric-a-Brac.

NUMEROUS COUGHS.—There are no fewer than sixteen kinds of cough among the Celestials—the cough from cold, damp, heat, grief, anger, fatigue, indigestion, the obstinate cough, the night cough, etc.

REWARD OF KINDNESS.—A popular preacher recently quoted the dream of a seer, who saw a man in great torment in every limb except his right foot. He asked why that was released. "This man," was the answer, "is being punished for selfishness and indolence, and was never known to do a good deed, except that he once kicked a tuft of fresh grass to a tethered ox standing in the hot sun, and for this one act the foot is saved from torment."

WHAT "WIFE" MEANS.—Says Ruskin: "What do you think the beautiful word 'wife' comes from? It is the great word in which the English and Latin languages conquered the French and Greek. I hope the French will some day get a word for it instead of that *femme*, or woman. But what do you think it comes from? The great value of the Saxon words is that they mean something. Wife means 'weaver.' You must either be house-wives or house-moths, remember that. In the deep sense, you must either weave men's fortunes and embroider them, or feed upon and bring them to decay.

THE TURK AT MEALS.—When a Turk has disposed of his visitors he goes into his haremlik to dine or breakfast, first removing his shoes. This custom of removing one's shoes before entering a room is not a religious superstition, but comes of the necessity for keeping carpets clean, seeing that they fulfil the purpose of chairs, tables, sofas, in other countries. The ladies' rooms may be furnished like Parisian boudoirs; but custom is stronger than fashion, and the Turks of both sexes like to recline or sit cross-legged on the floor. Their carpets are curiously soft and thick, and the carpets over the doors shut out all draughts and noises.

BIG NOSES.—Napoleon was not the first person to declare a preference for men with big noses. A century before his birth, an old author, in response to his own question, pronounced "the biggest nose the best nose," instancing the case of the Roman Emperors. Numa's nose was half a foot long, and earned for him the honorable surname of Pompilius. According to Plutarch, Lycurgus and Solon ran to nose, and so did all the Roman kings except Tarquinius Superbus, and he was dethroned. Homer's nose was seven inches long. "Big noses," says a French writer, "are held in honor everywhere in the world, except among the Chinese and the Tartars."

TAXATION IN TURKEY.—Nothing and nobody escapes taxation in Turkey. The government takes one-tenth of all the crops, besides which there is a tax of three-fifths of one per cent. on the value of the land. On every sheep and goat there is an annual tax of twelve cents, and when a horse, cow, or other domestic animal is sold two and one-half per cent. of the price goes to the government. Then there is a house tax amounting to two-fifths of one per cent. on the value of houses worth under $800, and four-fifths of one per cent. on houses valued above that sum. There is a very heavy tax, equivalent to about seven days' labor imposed upon the Christian population for exemption from military service. Also a tax of three per cent. upon incomes, and duties upon various commodities like tobacco, silks, salt, etc. In fact, as the people say, "there is not a vein which has any blood in it that the government has not lanced."

THE WEDDING RING.—The materials and devices of the wedding ring are scarcely more various than the explanations given by learned writers of the significance of "the pure and perfect arrabo." That the gift of a ring was held by the ancient people of the earth to be a token of the giver's affection for the confidence of the person to whom he gave it, the illustrators prove by references to Sacred Scripture and classic literature. It follows, therefore, that the bridal hoop symbolizes the groom's devotion to and perfect trust in the bride. It is a single object, and therefore signifies the perfect oneness of the two persons united in wedlock. It having no ends, the circlet is a type of the endlessness and perpetuity of matrimonial love. It denotes the fidelity with which the man weds the woman. As one of the several valuable articles which the groom paid for his bride, the ring itself is regarded by some authorities as a symbol of purchase.

JAPAN'S NATIONAL FLOWER.—The cherry blossom is the national flower of Japan, as the rose is of England, the lily of France, the thistle of Scotland, and the shamrock of Ireland. On the Mikado's flags, papers and carriages, and on the soldiers' caps and uniform, you will see the open chrysanthemum, but the flower of the people and nation is the flower of the blossoming cherry tree. They cultivate all over Japan, by the millions, the sakura tree, which is valued only for the beauty of its blossoms. From an entire tree you could not get ripe cherries enough to make a pie; but the blossoms are massed together on the boughs like clouds, and the blossoms are often as large as a rose. Picnics in Japan are called "Going to see the flowers." In June, millions of the people go out to sing and sport and laugh and play under the cherry trees, or to catch "the snow showers that do not fall from the skies." There are tens of thousands of thousands of stanzas of poetry about the cherry tree. Some of the people become so enchanted with the lovely blossoms under them as to even worship the famous old trees.

A WOMAN'S DEATH WOUND.

BY M. D.

It left upon her tender flesh no trace.
The murderer is safe. As swift as light
The weapon fell, and in the summer night,
Did scarce the silent, dewy air displace.
'Twas but a word. A blow had been less base.
Like dumb beast branded by an iron, white
With heat, she turned in blind and helpless flight;
But then remembered, and with piteous face
Came back.

Since then the world has nothing missed
In her—in voice and smile. But she—each day
She counts until her dying be complete.
One moan she makes, and ever doth repeat,
"Oh! lips which I had loved and kissed and kissed,
Did I deserve to die this bitterest way?"

ARDEN COURT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY MARGERIE."

CHAPTER XLIX.—[CONTINUED.]

AVICE gazed at the pale, fragile girl with considerable emotion.

There was nothing that could excite evil feelings in that sweet, pale face; no triumph, no anger in the tearful eyes, the timid mien.

Hilda looked more as if she herself had erred, than like one who had come to take possession and to punish the usurper.

"Avice," she said, holding out her hand to her, "it was not well done; but, for the sake of him whose blood is in your veins, let the past be forgotten. The wrong was less than that which others have wrought for me; and the possessions will not avail so much to my happiness as you may think. But it was his will, and you were wrong, Avice."

Volumes of reproaches could scarcely have gone more to the woman's heart than those gentle words and looks.

Had Hilda returned in pomp and happiness, and the full flush of beauty, it might have excited all the demon in the guilty woman; but there was a sweetness in the girl's manner that was irresistible.

Hilda had indeed felt a sensation of intense gladness that the memory of her beloved guardian was cleared of every cloud, that his love was indeed so amply proved by this noble bequest; but when that first flush was over, when the first glad thought that she was now a more fitting mate for Sir Guy Capel had passed, then came the sad remembrance that she was still the child of shame, and that her father was in a felon's cell!—small room for triumph there.

Then her next emotion had been of intense gratitude to that faithful, devoted lad, to whom she owed all this rich heritage.

Her tears dropped silently on the hand that she still held in hers, after the tidings had been made known to her.

"I can never repay you, Josiah," she said; "but from this hour you are a friend, not a servant. Your future shall be well cared for."

"No, no, Miss Hilda, I'm nobody," he said. "So that you have your rights, I care nothing. It matters not what becomes of the poor half-wit."

"Of one who has displayed intellect, and shrewdness, and faithful devotion that would do honor to the highest," said the grateful girl. "No, Josiah, never let such ideas or words pass your lips again. The day will come when you shall be placed in permanent and honorable comfort."

Such was the scene that had preceded Hilda's introduction to Avice.

And the sight of the well-known spots, the halls and rooms, so familiar, and yet so changed, had brought a gush of tender, sad memories to her mind, that were indeed foreign to bitterness and revenge.

The ringing of the luncheon bell interrupted a scene that could not fail of being painful to all concerned.

"I cannot meet strangers, Avice," said Hilda, shrinking back.

"There will be no one but my husband, Hilda," she said; "I must have my way this once. After this day you shall be mistress here."

Hilda submitted; for there was an earnestness in Avice's manner that betokened no common feeling in the request; and, after all, when she had a real deep sorrow at her heart, what mattered such trivial passing trials?

"Please to follow me. Mr. Ellis, you can bring Miss Arden," said Avice, leading the way to the dining-room.

There was, however, a strange excitement as she turned to her companions, and said in a low tone:

"Not a word till I give the sign, remember. Leave it to me. It is my last day in my own house. Let me at least be queen to-day."

They immediately assented, and as they entered the dining-room they saw the portly figure of Charles Henry impatiently waiting for the signal to begin the feast.

He had become a great epicure of late, and the hours of meals were to him the most important in the whole day.

Even the peace and domestic comfort of the day in a great measure depended on the success of the cook in pleasing his gastronomic propensities.

As the door opened, he looked up with a sharp impatience on his face, which quickly changed to one of extreme astonishment.

A dark, angry expression came over his features at the sight of Hilda, and the presence of the stranger could scarcely restrain the oath that trembled on his lips.

Avice, however, looked calmly unmoved at the storm she had evidently raised.

"I have an unexpected pleasure for you to-day, Dr. Henry," she began. "My young friend, Miss Arden, has kindly visited us, being in the neighborhood, and I hope will make some stay at Arden Court. And I may introduce also, Mr. Ellis, her escort and valued friend, to your acquaintance."

The doctor looked fairly bewildered.

His wife's imperturbable composure, the delicate beauty of the heiress of the usurped lands and wealth, the firm manliness of the young lawyer, all tended to quell the ebullition of rage that boiled within him.

His excited brain went rapidly over the circumstances of the case; after a wild imagining of all kinds of impossible events, he at last concluded that the whole explanation of the affair lay in Avice's lingering desire to keep friends with the favorite adopted child of her late cousin, as a convenient way of preserving the good opinion of the world.

So he strove to collect his ideas as he best might, and with a formal bow to Mr. Ellis, and a scarcely audible word of courtesy to Hilda, he resumed his seat.

The meal was a strange one.

The host was barely able to perform the most ordinary duties of his position.

Even the refined and epicurean dishes that were set before him scarcely tempted the appetite of the troubled and astonished man.

He drank deeply certainly.

A vague feeling of disquiet and alarm made the potations doubly welcome; but he could eat little, and his replies to his wife's civilities and the remarks of Mr. Ellis were brief and absent.

Hilda could neither speak nor eat.

The tumult of her contending feelings was indescribable and ungovernable.

The excitement of the restoration to home and wealth and station, and the bitter drawback of the terrible position of her father, and the unfailing remembrance of the stain of her own birth, were warring within her.

Her heart rebelled strangely.

Was she never to be at peace?

Was the rich boon of fortune to be valueless?

Her overtried spirit almost forgot its trust and submission to Him who raises up and bows down.

Avice was strangely courteous and gay; she was unusually gentle and attentive to her husband, affectionate to Hilda, polite to Mr. Ellis; but a wayward, bitter impulse seemed to govern the subjects she chose of conversation.

She spoke of the crimes, the *causes celebres*, the horrors that filled the daily papers.

"You must have taken an interest in the recent trial for that bank robbery," she said, after some allusions to cases that were so like her own, as to astonish both Hilda and the lawyer himself.

"You mean Mr. Glanville's trial," he said, "Yes, it was a singular case of false circumstantial evidence."

"Yes," she replied. "His acquittal took everyone by surprise."

Hilda's lips parted—she could not speak.

"Acquittal—well, yes, it is certainly tantamount to an acquittal," said the lawyer. "No doubt exists that it was Hugh Fleming, the cousin, I believe, of his wife, who did the deed; and I did hear a report that he had been taken, before I left Cheltenham yesterday."

"Ah, very probably," said Dr. Henry, absently; "but I am surprised how it was brought home to him."

"There are many things as surprising," observed Avice quietly. "There is seldom, I believe, a case where justice is not satisfied at last, either by the evidence of others, or the repentence of the persons concerned; and in one case that we know of, Mr. Ellis, it may be a mixture of both elements in the drama."

"Be so good as to change the subject," said Dr. Henry, sternly; but he looked uneasy. "It is not a pleasing one. Miss Arden appears to be as disgusted with it as I confess I am."

Hilda had indeed leaned back in her chair with closed eyes and an overpowering sense of relief and gratitude.

Her father innocent.

That terrible stain at least removed from his head!

"My Merciful Father, I thank Thee!" was the earnest outpouring of her heart.

Hilda heard nothing more.

All was lost and swallowed up in that one word, "Acquitted!"

She was lost to all surrounding things, till the sound of her own name recalled her to herself.

Then she once more opened her eyes, and gazed half dreamily on the scene.

It was one that soon engrossed her every thought.

Avice instantly rose.

"Dr. Henry," said she, "I must say one word ere we change the subject. You wished it be changed. A few words will suffice to finish it. Hilda, my love, permit me to yield this seat—the place of hostess and mistress of Arden Court—to its rightful possessor. Dr. Henry, I regret to disturb your equanimity so soon after your favorite Perigord pie; but I cannot delay this gentleman's departure indefinitely. I have therefore no alternative but to request that you will second me in my regrets that we have so long usurped the rights of another. Mr. Arden's will, leaving the whole of his property (with the exception of a few legacies) to his ward and adopted child, has been too long ignored. It will now be carried into effect. This day is the last of our residence at Arden Court."

A purple flush came over the features of the guilty accomplice in Avice's guilt.

His breast panted and heaved with the sudden rush of blood to every vital organ.

"It is false!" he cried. "I deny it! I—I——"

His utterance came thick and indistinct; his eyes grew bloodshot; the purple faded to paleness; and Charles Henry sank back in a fit of apoplexy.

The sudden shock had proved too great for a system bloated and gorged by self-indulgence.

With almost fraternal kindness Mr. Ellis led the pale and terrified Hilda from the scene.

"This is no place for you just now, Miss Arden," said he. "The wretched man and his miserable wife shall be cared for, but not by you; you have had too much to shake your nerves already. Can I escort you to any friend who would take charge of you till you are somewhat restored to health, and till this house is prepared for your reception?"

Hilda hesitated.

She thought of her father; then she sadly reflected that Nora had the first claim to her confidence, the dearest right to share in her happiness as she had in her sorrow, that her nearest relatives did not even know of her existence, and that her father no longer needed her aid.

His innocence was proved.

His wife would be at his side; his wife!

Ah, poor Hilda! that one bitter drop remained.

She was a disgraced, unlawful child.

"I will go to Miss Norton," she said; "but I need not tax your kindness further. Josiah will go with me. I leave all in your hands and Dr. Knowles'; but if you can remember the particulars I should like to know about that trial—Mr. Glanville's, I mean."

The lawyer looked astonished.

He feared for her intellect to refer to so irrelevent a subject at such a moment.

"Oh, 'tis all plain, I believe," he replied, "and soon told. A witness, whom it is rumored is Mr. Glanville's son, proved the fact of an *alibi*, and also of seeing another person deposit the stolen property. There is no doubt of it, I fancy, in any one's mind."

Hilda's breath came quickly.

His son! her brother!

The tale she heard of Springdale now come rushing on her mind.

Her mother had had a son. He must have been saved in spite of the rumor of his death.

She had then some one whom she had a claim, some one to share rightfully her sorrows and her joys—"a brother!"

Oh, how sweet the word was! How much sweeter the reality would be!

Hilda's lips parted in a fervent thanksgiving. The blessings were coming on her as rapidly as her trials had once done. The dark clouds were melting in the silver lining that had been hidden in the gloom.

CHAPTER L.

ABOUT a week after the scene at Arden Court, Reginald Glanville, the lately liberated inmate of a prison—the acquitted, the free, the penitent, and the erring—sat in the lonely chamber that had been his abode since Julia had left him. He was calm, and thankful for the great deliverance that had been so unexpectedly wrought for him; but yet there was a deep chastened sadness in his heart.

The remembrance of the evil he had done the ruin he had wrought, weighed heavily upon him.

One fair being he had brought to an early grave, in the crushing belief of her disgrace and his infamy.

And the others? Ah, he was powerless to aid, or to redress the wrongs he had done. If marriage could avail aught, if she could stoop to accept so poor and wretched and degraded a being for the partner of her remaining life, he would but be grateful for such blessing.

But Julia had evaded this request. She had promised to reply to it on her return from the expedition she had undertaken after the trial; and he had construed the evasion into a refusal.

Glanville sat, as he had done for many an hour since Julia's departure, in sad and abstracted but not gloomy thought.

He was learning the lessons that had been so unknown and unpracticed—the lessons of submission and humility, of self-abjurgation, of endurance.

At last he could honestly say, "If they could be happy, then I could be content to live in misery or die in solitude. Only spare them gracious Father! Let not the innocent suffer for the guilty."

"All is possible with Thee. Only bless and spare them from misery I have brought on them."

Even as he sat these words were in his heart and on his lips, and a peace settled on him as he prayed.

He felt the blessing of real penitence and abandonment of self to Almighty will and wisdom. He had not heard the opening of the hall-door, or, at least, he had heeded it not.

It was nothing to him who came or went. The acquitted felon, the disgraced, bankrupt gentleman, had no visitors to his lonely abode.

And Julia would have written to warn him her coming. But steps came gently up the stairs; the door softly opened, and Jasper, his neglected, injured son, entered, and with him a fair girl!

Could it be? Had Marian risen from the dead? had she returned to the days of her youth, and come back, in her beauty and her freshness, to bless, and not reproach him?

He gazed in awe-struck wonder as Jasper led the trembling, lovely, happy daughter, to a father's feet.

"Father," said Jasper, "this is my sister—your child—the legacy of your first girl-wife. Bless us both, my father!"

They knelt before him, those fair young creatures—before the worn and erring man, and his rapidly falling tears watered their heads.

"I am unworthy to bless you, my children," he said; "I can only implore your pardon and your prayers."

Hilda covered the hand that was laid on her fair head with kisses and tears, and Jasper's voice was broken as he replied—"I deserve it not, my father.

"My heart was hard and unforgiving; and had it not been for a good angel, I had brought your curse on my head. It was the worthy and noble-hearted successor of our dear mother who was the agent of your deliverance, and of the softening of my evil passion; and to her your love and gratitude and our filial reverence and affection is due."

A gentle gasping sob sounded near the group. Julia stood there, weeping tears of joy and love. Reginald opened his arms.

"My husband—my husband!" she sobbed. "Heaven be praised for these great mercies!" she murmured, as she threw herself on his breast.

For a few minutes all was still, in that lonely chamber. Then Julia recovered herself, and turned to Jasper with a bright smile.

"Jasper," said he, "there are those waiting to whom every minute will seem an age.

"Reginald, there are yet other candidates for your love and esteem, who wait for your consent and approval to complete their happiness. May they enter?"

"Can I deny anything that you wish, my wife?" he said tenderly.

It seemed so sweet to pronounce that word "wife," that he laid an unusual emphasis on it.

Julia signed to Jasper, and in a few moments he left the room and returned with two young and attractive companions to complete the group—Sir Guy Capel and Nora Norton.

Sir Guy walked to Hilda's side and took her hand, even as Julia whispered something in her husband's ears.

"May I have it, Mr. Glanville?" he said, with a bright, appealing look. "Will you confide to me this inestimable treasure?"

The father looked with bewildered happiness on the beautiful girl and her noble lover.

"Is it your free choice, your real wish, Hilda?" he said.

Her bright blushes answered for her, rather than the timid "Yes."

"Julia," said Glanville, turning to his wife, with an earnest, anxious look; "is it your wish? Is he worthy of this precious legacy of my lost Marian?"

"Reginald," she replied, "he sought her when an obscure, penniless girl, with true and honorable love. The heart that he then won he is well worthy to receive.

"He who chose the portionless Hilda Halloway may be rewarded with the hand of the heiress of Arden Court, the lawful and only daughter of Reginald Glanville."

"Take her, Sir Guy," said her father, taking her hand and placing it in that of the baronet's. She is the living image of her mother.

"Guard and cherish her as your best and dearest possession."

"Amen!" said Sir Guy. And the hearts of all replied to the solemn "Amen."

Jasper and Nora gazed on each other, but their feelings did not find expression in words.

It was not then nor there that the wealthy heiress could be wooed and won by the poor and struggling author. Nor could Nora have received the vows of one who had so lately stood beside the grave of the fair, and gentle, and loved Minnie.

* * * * * * * * *

Before the last settlements were drawn up, and the final arrangements made for Hilda's marriage, Sir Guy Capel requested an interview with his future father-in-law in the library at Courtenay Park, where their residence had now been taken up.

A rigid investigation of the affairs of the ruined but once wealthy Reginald Glanville, had proved that something could be saved from the wreck, which, together with Julia's small remaining fortune and earnings of her brilliant theatrical career would enable them to live in modest but sufficient comfort and elegance at Courtenay Park. And it was from thence that Hilda was to be married at the same church that had witnessed her father's secret nuptials seventeen years before.

Reginald was as much changed from the broken inmate of a convict's prison, as from the proud, and reckless, and selfish gamester of former days.

His face had regained much of its former beauty, and added to it the higher and deeper charm of a noble and intellectual mind, at peace with itself.

Still, there were marks of the fiery tempest that passed over him a worn look in his face, lines in his forehead, and at times a restless, anxious fear in his eyes, to which long habit brought back the alarm and disquiet of former days.

And it was thus that he looked when Sir Guy closed the door, and placed himself on a chair near his in the old library.

"Mr. Glanville," he said, "I have waited till matters were fully ripe to talk to you on a subject that had been very near Hilda's heart and mine. I allude to her possession of Arden Court."

"Is there any flaw or doubt about it?" said Glanville, looking surprised. "I thought that the unhappy Mrs. Henry had fully completed the renunciation she promised after her husband's death, and retired on the handsome sum given her by my daughter in compensation."

"Yes; Hilda very properly doubled the ten thousand that poor Mr. Arden intended for her," replied Sir Guy; "and I believe that she is happier on the smaller income,

justly obtained, and free from that sensual and selfish husband, than when in the full possession of her wealth and power at Arden. But it was not of that I came to speak.

"It was the wish of both Hilda and myself to carry out the evident intentions of Mr. Arden, make over the landed property to Jasper."

Mr. Glanville started, and his look and gesture betokened absolute dissent; but Sir Guy waved his hand deprecatingly.

"One moment, my dear sir," said he. "You cannot doubt that Mr. Arden's wish was to bequeathe his property to the issue of his early love.

"Had he known of Jasper's existence, do you for a moment suppose that he would have made Hilda sole heiress, to the exclusion of her brother? And ought Jasper to suffer from the accident of his ignorance?"

"But," began Mr. Glanville, "it would be gross injustice to you and to Hilda. It was a gift of love on her adopted father's part; and I cannot, and Jasper would not, rob her of her rights."

"Nor can she rob her brother of his," was the firm reply. "It is a clear case, when all false delicacies are stripped from its consideration.

"The personal property is an ample fortune for any girl, and far more than I either require or desire with my bride.

"That I will accept; and for the rest, neither Hilda nor I will touch one acre of the estates.

"It can be no secret to any one who sees them, that one day he will seek and obtain the hand of one who will be worthy of him, and grace the station he can offer her; but he is too proud to sue in like a pauper for a wealthy woman's hand.

"Would you forfeit his happiness, and do him actual injustice? for your own sense of right must tell you that Mr. Arden's deep love for your first wife would have led him to divide his fortune between her children. I appeal to your sense of what is right and just, and to your affection for your son, to forbid such a decision."

Reginald's eyes were moist; he held out his hand, and replied with a broken voice, "Sir Guy, you humble me to the earth. I feel more than ever my extreme abasement, when I compare myself with the noble and generous men with whom I come in contact.

"Philip Arden, yourself, my own son, and even the young Lewis Delany, are all living rebukes to me in my past selfishness and degradation. Let it be as you will. If my consent and influence will avail, Jasper shall accept your noble gift; and may he prove worthy of it, and of the fair girl he has already won in heart if not in hand. May Heaven bless you!"

* * * * * *

It was no brilliant wealthy gathering that grouped about the altar of the pretty village church, where the same pastor pronounced the blessing on the young pair as had hallowed the union of Reginald Glanville and Julia Courtenay seventeen years before. Reginald gave the bride away; and there was a paleness on his cheek and a moisture in his eye as he gazed on the fair and lovely bride; for it brought back to his remembrance the day, when, in a lonely and secluded church, he uttered mocking vows to the beautiful mother of Hilda. But when Julia, bending to press a mother's kiss on her lips, and whispering earnestly, "God bless you, my daughter," raised her dark eyes, filled with chastened happiness, to him who was indeed her true and loving husband, then the shadow passed away, and he silently pressed a loving kiss on her lips. It was a second sealing of their vows, and one far more holy and sincere than the first. Little Lina fully comprehended the ceremony, for, standing on a seat at Nurse Allen's side, she whispered almost aloud, "Look, nurse, is not my new mamma beautiful?"

And old Mr. Delany and his nephew rejoiced exceedingly at the consummation of the young pair's happiness; and no congratulations were more hearty, nor faces more radiant than theirs.

But to the sole bridesmaid and groomsman—they who came up to the altar with the betrothed, and followed them from its precincts as a wedded pair,—to them was there in that beautiful marriage service to which they listened, in the solemn benediction of the clergyman, in the bridegroom's manly pride, and the tender light in Hilda's blue eyes, new foreshadowing of the future.

Yes, Minnie's wish and prophecy will be fulfilled, and though he can never forget the young wife that sleeps under the green elms in Beddington churchyard, Jasper Glanville knows that a stronger, deeper, intenser love draws him towards the noble girl to whom his heart was first given.

Proud, impetuous, but loving and yielding to one beloved, such qualities existed in both characters,—combined they will form an harmonious whole.

Nor will their union be a mere formula—joining hands alone, but, as is too seldom the case in this world of ours, in heart, mind, and soul they will be married.

Only two who heard of that marriage vented their rage in any passion.

Mrs. Estcourt reproached herself for having taken that artful governess into her house, and stormed till her husband and maid were fain to hide themselves from her temper.

And Florence shut herself in her room, and shed such tears as she had never shed before,—such tears as the haughty woman weeps, when the only heart for whose love she craves is indifferent alike to perfect love or scorn.

* * * * * * * *

Some weeks after the wedding, Sir Guy Capel and his wife joined their father, mother, and brother-in-law at Arden Court. As the carriage drove up the well-remembered avenue, the first face that met them was the smiling one of Josiah Blunt, promoted to be Sir Guy's private secretary, till some fair chance of permanent advancement could be found for the faithful friend and benefactor of Hilda in her orphanage.

The meeting was a joyous one, and many were the congratulations exchanged and details given of the short absence that had divided them. But the first greetings over, the little group silently took their way through the shrubbery and avenue to the well-known spot where Marian Glanville lay in her calm, lonely rest, guarded by the silver firs and willows, the green of which no Winter winds could blight nor Summer suns wither, and over whose dust, repentant, loving, and grateful tears were shed by the husband and children, and the noble woman who had been her innocent and unconscious rival.

[THE END]

The Oak Wardrobe.

BY C. D.

THE quiet old town of Abbylands was on the eve of going to sleep. But one shop was open in the cross-road at the top of the main street. A great glaring lamp still flourished in front of the window. Inside of the dark recess, where innumerable goods were piled upon both sides of a narrow passage, sat a man with a pen behind his ear; a ledger lay before him, which he might perhaps have been able to read, if he had felt so inclined, with the aid of a very thin and dirty candle, which was stuck into an ink-bottle; but his studies lay in another direction. He was absorbed in thought. "After all," he thought, "what good has it done me! It isn't so great a sum when all's told. Two hundred and thirty pounds wouldn't ruin the bank of England. It ruined George Evans, though," he began again. "His father should have kept his papers better. If the man was fool enough to lend me the money, and lost my note of hand, what business is it of mine, that his son must lose the whole of it? Did I make the law? If they had brought me my acknowledgement, wouldn't the money have been paid? The lad has given up pestering me with his letters. I hope never to hear of him again; besides, the statute of limitations makes it also safe, and the money by this time would all have been spent; for I hear he has turned a reprobate, and gone on the stage."

This was all uttered aloud, and was heard by a young man in a horse-cloth wrapper, just entering.

"I'm glad you're not shut up, sir," he said, going through the narrow gangway to the end of the room. "I want to do a little business with you."

"A watch?" said Mr. Benson, opening a little drawer, in which lay a number of square tickets of dirty paper.

"No; I don't happen to have such a thing," replied the visitor. "I come to buy something. As I passed the shop to-day, I saw a piece of furniture I require; a narrow case with drawers in it, of oak I think it was. Ah! there it is, just under the stair-case."

"Of oak indeed! you may say of the very finest oak that ever grew in clay. Why, that oak would fetch a large price, independent of the great convenience of the drawer. I paid a pretty sum for it at Farmer Merriwood's sale, when the old gentleman died, ten days since; it had been in his family they said, two hundred years—a very fine piece of furniture, and dirt cheap at one pound ten."

"I'm no great judge of these things," said the young man; "but I have an aunt in the town who is in want of just such an article. I wish to make her a present of it; and I will pay for it now, on condition that if she doesn't like it, you shall take it back and supply me with another article to-morrow morning."

"Very fair—that's very fair—but how can I send it to-night?"

"Nay, that must be part of the bargain," replied the purchaser, counting the money into Mr. Benson's hand; "and you must also give me a receipt for the—what shall we call it? the wardrobe, with all it contains; for fortunes are sometimes found in very odd places," he added, with a smile. "I've heard of chair bottoms being stuffed with five pound notes."

"I run the risk, of all that," said Mr. Benson, writing the receipt, "and as to carrying it home, it ain't very heavy. I'll manage that. What's the address?"

"Mrs. Truman, number two, Abbyfield Lane," replied the youth, "not a very elegant part of the town; but the poor must live somewhere."

The young man left, and shortly afterward Mr. Benson sent the case by some porters to the given address. An old lady opened the door. She seemed astonished at the lateness of the visit. "I was just going to bed," she said, "and only sat up to let in my nephew. He is longer of coming than he said."

"He'll be here immediately," replied one of the men, "and in the meantime has presented you with this very handsome piece of furniture. He has paid for it—all, except the portorage—and the solid oak is no joke to carry on a night like this."

"If my nephew was here," said the old lady, "I would ask you to come in; but, I'm a lone woman, and it wouldn't be proper—there's sixpence for the carriage, and I'm greatly obliged to the dear boy."

The porters left the case inside, and bidding the lady good-night, returned.

It was perhaps a half-hour after, and Mr. Benson still sat thinking in his shop, when a carriage, covered with mud and dripping with wet, stopped at the curbstone. The driver let down the steps, and a lady tript lightly across the sloppy pavement, and entered the shop. "The carriage will wait," she said; "turn the key and double lock, for I have something of importance to say to you." Mr. Benson said nothing, but went up the narrow gangway with the flickering candle in his hand, followed by his visitor. He set down the light, and looked carefully into the woman's face. It was flushed and excited; the eyes flashed with great brilliancy, and her lips quivered with agitation—a tall, masculine woman, plainly dressed, and evidently under the influence of some strong feeling.

"You are Mr. Benson, the pawnbroker?" she said.

"I am: and dealer in second-hand furniture, books, statues, and miscellaneous articles, clocks, watches, wearing apparel, and double-barrel guns."

"You attended the sale at Farmer Merriwood's last Wednesday? What did you buy? beds, sofas, drawers,—let me see the list."

He took from a wire that hung from the cross-bar of his desk the auctioneer's account.

The woman gazed at it; and on coming near the end started. "Yes," she said, "here it is. What do you ask for all? But tush! I want nothing but one small article. Keep the rest of the trash. Give me the oak wardrobe with the four drawers in it, and I will give you what you demand. Come!"

"I can't," said Mr. Benson, turning pale, and trembling with agitation. "It's gone—sold—delivered—lost.

"But why are you so very curious about a common chest of drawers? I examined it very carefully, I assure you; they are nothing but ordinary oak—no secret recesses, no hidden springs; there's surely some mistake about it."

"There's no mistake. Did you take out the drawers when you made your examination? Did you turn the top one upside down? Did you see that the bottom was thick and heavy, that it was double? That it might contain documents, notes, a will, receipts, acknowledgments?"

"No, I didn't turn it out. I'm an unsuspicious, innocent man, grossly imposed on, ruined, Amen!"

The pawnbroker seemed so overcome that the woman was melted. "Hear what I tell you," she said. "If we arrange matters together, we may yet be rich. Do I understand that you will share with me whatever the drawer contains?"

"What does it contain?" inquired Benson, in a whisper, "Does it contain any thing?"

"Why do I offer you hundreds for it?" inquired the woman; "But I will tell you all. Did you know Farmer Merriwood?"

"No, I can't say I knew him. I once sold him a second-hand saddle; and he made some row about the stuffing coming out. I had to let him off for half the price agreed on."

"It's like him, harsh, cold, selfish, so I was told, in his latter years. He was different long ago, very different. He had a daughter; twenty years ago people called her beautiful. She was his only child. She was beautiful, at all events, to him. Her name was Caroline.

"Did you know her?"

"I knew her from the time of her birth. I was a distant relation. Cousin Janet they called me, though I was their paid servant; but the word cousin was better than all their wages.

"So we went on for years and years, I taking care of the house, Philip Merriwood attending to the farm, and Caroline, the delight of us both. Don't you see what's coming, old man? You must be dull as this wretched room you live in, if you don't guess what followed."

"I can't," said Mr. Benson. "I'm trying, I can't, Amen!"

"Not when I tell you that the Marquis of —but never mind his name, it is best, perhaps, omitted; but he had a son, his eldest son, Lord Rostock, dashing, gay, but kind, oh, kind and generous like a knight of old! he saw her, saw Caroline; was struck with her beauty, who wasn't?—got to speech of her, spoke her fair, won her heart; the old story, the old story! Love rules all. Hearts break; but fools fill up the places of those who perish.

"Ah, once—'twas in September, twelve years ago, she came to me and said, 'Cousin Janet, do you think my father a forgiving man?' 'Of course, my darling,' I said. 'He is a Christian.' 'But will he forgive a person for getting above him in the world, for leaving the rank he moves in? Ha, ha!' she added, with a beautiful, wild laugh, 'what would he think, if he had to stand with his hat off as he saw me going up the church-path and asked how my ladyship was? Wouldn't it be charming to be a lady?' I told her no, or turned the talk, or gave her wise advice.

"And what happened? Cold, eh? consumption?"

"No, elopement, ruin, death! She was missing one morning that same month, and Philip Merriwood never held up his head. He seemed to know what had happened, without being told. He never asked for her; and when a letter was put into his hands a few days after, signed by Caroline, and telling him that she was about to be married, to be a lady, rich and grand, but kind still, and loving to him, he tore the paper into twenty pieces, and said, 'fool! fool!'"

"And so she was," said Mr. Benson. "He didn't marry her?"

"No, and she never wrote again. So the house was dark and dismal; Philip Merriwood went into the bedroom that had been hers, and seized the little oak wardrobe where she had kept her clothes. He emptied drawers on the floor, and ordered me to remove the frocks and stockings, and the blue-silk jacket, and the pink satin slip, and all the things, and throw them into the fire.

"It was an old piece of furniture, and had belonged to his people for hundreds of years. It had once been the place where he kept his secret papers; his leases and bonds and parchments were all in the front drawer, but in the top one there was a false bottom; there, in the thickness of the wood, he kept the things he cherished most—the letters that had passed between him and Sophia Felton, his wife, before they were married; the last letter she wrote to him when she was dying. We couldn't get him down to dinner; and when he came he ate nothing.

"A month passed, and a long time passed and when half a year was come and gone, there came a letter one day with a great crest upon the seal, a marquis' crest they call it, and when it was opened, Farmer Merriwood saw it was from young Lord Rostock, whose father had just died and left him all the estates. Caroline, he said, was provided for, and happy; but as he felt that he owed some reparation to the father, he enclosed him a bank of England note for a thousand pounds."

"Bless me! what a generous, noble gentleman!" exclaimed the pawnbroker, "She must have been a cunning gipsy—what a fortunate man Farmer Merriwood was!"

"How he trembled as he held out the thin piece of paper, his lips moving, evidently with curses on them, but no sound being heard. 'Cousin Janet,' he said at last, 'come with me, up stairs; you shall witness what I do.'

We went up, and to my surprise, he went into what had been Caroline's bedroom. 'This is a thousand pound note,' he said, which that ruffian thinks will reconcile me to shame. I won't touch it, and I won't let him have it back—to employ it, perhaps, in tempting some one else.

"If the girl he took away from me is ever in want, you will know where to find money for her support. It shall lie beside all the other things that remind me of her behavior.

No one shall touch it till I die.' and so saying, he pulled out the secret drawer at the top, and laid the note lengthway on its back, and shut it up with a bang, and gave me the silver pin that touches the spring. From that hour no one has ever opened it; and there it lies, with the printed face upward, a bank-note for a thousand pounds. Go—give what sum you like, but get me back that wardrobe, and we shall divide the money."

"Equally!" exclaimed Mr. Benson, starting up; "where is that silver pin? Give it to me—it is not too late to make the attempt to-night."

"Oh, yes, it is, though," said the woman; "I'll keep the key. What you have to is to recover the wardrobe; or, if you will tell me the purchaser's address—"

"No, no—I'll keep that to myself," replied the pawnbroker, with a cunning look. "We'll open it in presence of each other."

"I will be here at nine, to-morrow morning," said Cousin Janet. "We understand the arrangement: it's getting on for one o'clock—good night." So saying, she slipped along the gangway, and got once more into the carriage.

"What a fool to think that a drawer can't be opened with a hatchet, in the absence of a silver pin!" said Benson. "Amen! Good-night.

The rain continued all the night through. Mr. Benson heard it as he lay awake, flooding on roof and garret-window. As soon as the dawn began to force its way through the watery air, he sprung up, and put on his clothes. Rapidly he pursued his way to number Two, Abbyfield Lane; and standing before the door, felt in his pockets that the *rouleaux* of golden sovereigns were safe—for he fancied the sight of the yellow metal would have more effect than a mere promise to pay, or even a roll of notes. They were all right—three, of a hundred pounds' each. He knocked.

"Is Mrs. Truman down stairs yet?" he asked, through the key-hole. There was no answer; but in a short time he heard the rap of a small hammer. He knocked louder—and the rat, tat, tat of the hammer ceased. The door was opened. The person who opened it was Mrs. Truman's nephew.

"Hallo!" he said, "who expected to see you at such an early hour?"

"Business, my dear sir. I find I made a little mistake last night. I sent your dear aunt the wrong article. I hope the old lady is well?"

"Yes, she's very well," said the nephew; "a little tired with sitting up so late; but delighted with the wardrobe, I assure you. I was just trying to fit the drawers a little closer. The top one seems loose."

"I find the want of it destroys the set," said Mr. Benson: "would you do me the favor to give it back to me? I will replace it with the best articles in my shop."

"By no means," replied the youth. "I haven't had time to rummage it over, yet. I told you fortunes were sometimes found in old family furniture."

There was a long pause: Mr. Benson was forming his calculations. He recommenced the conversation in a whisper—urged his plea with all the eloquence in his power, and finally was seen again proceeding through the falling rain with the richly-endowed wardrobe on his back. Hurriedly trotting up the High Street, he dashed into his shop, set his burden on the ground, tore the top drawer out upon the floor, and saw a small piece of paper pasted on the back.

Was it the thousand pound note? He rubbed his eyes—he looked closer—and he read the three following words, "Quits, George Evans."

"Not a bad stock in trade," said the same young gentleman whom we encountered at the beginning of this story, "Aunt Truman and Cousin Janet all at once," as he (for George Evans, the young actor, had played all three parts) replaced certain articles of female apparel in his trunk in the little bedroom of the Pigeon's Arms. "There goes in my aunt's little black mantle. There goes in Cousin Janet's crumpled bonnet. When I have paid for the hire of the cottage in Abbyfield Lane, and the carriage, and the warbrobe, and the sixpence to old Benson for bringing it down, I think it will leave that old ruffian's conscience clear; for he will exactly have paid me the two hundred and thirty pounds he borrowed from my father, with interest for nine years."

The Enemy's Flag.

BY N. F. J.

WHAT injustice! What insolence!" These words were uttered by a lovely woman, whose flushed cheek, flashing eye, and knitted brow, spoke even more than the words of the indignation which filled her heart. She was the young wife of Commodore Coo, the commander of the small navy of Montevideo.

The lady was Spanish by birth as well as feelings, and the cause of her anger was the sight of a ship which had been for two days standing off and on before the harbor, using every species of insult and defiance to induce the vessel of the Commodore to come out and fight him.

This the latter could not do for two reasons; the first was illness which confined him to his cot, the second, that he had not one-third of a crew, and not even men enough to man his battery.

At the moment when she uttered the words which commence this sketch, Captain Brown, the commander of the Buenos Ayrian ship, had hoisted a flag, whereon was painted in large characters the insulting inscription, "Coo, the Coward." This was more than his noble and fiery wife could stand, for she well knew her husband's truth and valor.

After gazing for one instant at the flag, she raised her jewelled hand, and taking off a diamond ring of great value, exclaimed to the men who stood around her on the deck:—

"I will give this diamond to any man who will bring me yonder flag."

For a moment there was no response. The men looked at their officers, the officers glanced at each other, but volunteers seemed scarce.

"What! Is there not one of all of you who will dare the trial? Is my husband's ship indeed manned with cowards?" exclaimed the lady, her beautiful lips curling with scorn, and her flashing eye gleaming with the fire of contempt.

A young officer, who had been lately appointed, stepped forward, and modestly said—

"I was only waiting for my seniors to speak, senora. Had any one of them volunteered, I should have begged to accompany him.

"As it is, I pledge myself to bring you yonder flag before the sun rises again, or to die. But I ask not your jewel as a prize to my success; one tress of your glossy hair shall be my reward."

"You shall have both, brave boy," replied the lady, and her look of cold scorn changed into a sweet smile as she asked him his name.

"It is Frank Bennett," replied the youth, and he blushed beneath her earnest gaze. He was slim, but well formed; looked very young, but in his dark blue eye and compressed lip an observer could read the manhood of mind, not years.

The sun was setting behind a bank of slowly rising clouds, which threatened darkness and storm. The moment that his services were accepted, young Bennett turned to the crew, and as he glanced among them he said, "I want six men to man the whale boat."

Struck by his gallantry, nearly one half of the crew started forward. Now that they had a leader, volunteers were plentiful. Bennett glanced his eye over them, and chose six Americans, men whom he knew to be both daring and firm.

"Go sharpen your cutlasses," said he, "I shall not have a pistol or musket on board. If we fight it must be sword to sword, and so we succeed in our object or perish."

The men answered by a look. They were of that class who are of deeds, not words. They hurried below to make their preparations, while some of the crew proceeded to muffle the oars, arrange the sails, &c.

One half hour later the sky was covered with clouds, and darkness had set in.

Bennett had been careful when the last light of the day gave opportunity to take the exact position of the enemy's ship, which was lying off the shore, and by this alone he hoped to be able to find her.

During this time the lady was on the deck, regarding the arrangements of the little party who were about to push on. At the moment when the boat's crew cried out that all was ready for a start, their young leader approached the senora, and taking from his neck a miniature, he handed it to her with a letter, saying:

"If I am not on board by sunrise, lady, you will fulfil a sailor's dying wish if you transmit these to the direction on the letter."

The lady looked at the picture, it was the likeness of a young and beautiful girl. A tear started to her eye.

"Ah, forgive me," she exclaimed, "who would, in a moment of passion, have perilled the life of one who has other duties and ties which bid him live. Your life is precious. I will not expose it."

"This is my only sister, whom I almost adore," interrupted the youth, "but one who would blush for me if I played the coward, and dishonored the name of my brave father. Send the letter, senora, and the likeness, if I fall. Farewell till to-morrow, or forever!"

The lady was about to answer, and again to entreat him to stay, but in an instant he was over the side, and the boat pushed off.

The night was pitchy dark. A calm was on the sea and in the air, but it was portentous of a storm. A small light and compass had been placed in the boat, and by these the young sailor shaped his course.

"Give way, my lads, a long, strong, and steady pull," said he, in a low tone, as he left the ship's side, and he soon felt, by the trembling of the frail boat, that his directions were obeyed. They pulled straight in the direction of the ship and out to sea, regardless of the approaching storm, the young officer keeping his eye steadily fixed on the compass, until he knew if the vessel remained in the position she was in at sunset, that he must be very near her. But he looked in vain to see her dark figure looming up in the gloom. At this moment, when he was completely at a loss which way to steer, the dark clouds which had been gathering round them burst with a long vivid flash of lightning, and a peal of deafening thunder. He heard not the thunder, he heeded not the rising storm. That flash of lightning has showed him the vessel at a short distance from him.

"Steady, my men, steady," he whispered, when the thunder ceased, "I shall pull directly under her stern."

At this instant, another flash of lightning illuminated the sky and water, and then, as he glanced up where the flag had been hoisted during the day, he saw that it was no longer there, it had been removed. He paused for a moment to think what was to be done, and then formed his resolution.

"I shall go on board alone, men," said he. "Keep the boat where she is, exactly. If the flag is where I think it is, in the captain's cabin, I will have it. If I am not back in five minutes, and you should hear any alarm, make the best of your way to the ship and tell the senora and mates that I died like a man. You must be cautious. Take in the sail, for the storm will be upon us in a few minutes."

These hasty commands were whispered to the men, who leant forward in the boat to catch the orders they dared not disobey, much as they wished to share their leader's peril.

Springing lightly from the boat, the young man caught the nettings, which were within reach, and noiselessly ascended to the bulwarks.

He could hear the regular tramp of the officer on deck, who, having everything arranged for the coming storm, had but little active business to occupy him.

See him he could not, on account of the impenetrable darkness of the night, and the care which was taken to prevent a light being used on the ship that might be the means of betraying the position of the vessel to their enemies on shore.

For a second he listened with throbbing heart to the steps as they approached him. The officer turned once more, and in that instant the gallant young sailor was down on the deck, and at the cabin door, which stood slightly ajar.

He peeped in through the narrow crack, and saw a red faced old captain seated at his round table, with two of his officers by his side, engaged over the contents of various bottles.

A glance at the settee just to the left of this table, showed the object of the enterprise—the flag for which he had perilled his life lay there—where it had been carelessly thrown after it was hauled down.

The young officer did not pause long to consider what to do, but quietly walked into the cabin, and, taking off his cap, bowed very politely to the officers, and as he stepped towards the flag, said in a calm and courteous manner to the captain.

"I have come to borrow this banner, sir, to wear to-morrow, if you have not the slightest objection."

"Who the deuce are you?"

"What does this mean?" cried the captain, as he and his officers sprang upon their feet, astonished at the extraordinary proceeding.

"I am an officer, sir, of the vessel which is in yonder harbor," said the young man, who had now seized the flag, "and I mean to carry this to my commodore."

As he said this he bounded to the cabin door, followed closely by a bullet from the captain's pistol, and ere the alarm became general, he stood upon the taffrail of the vessel.

"Look out for me below," he shouted, and flung himself into the sea without a moment's hesitation.

"His boat's crew recognized his voice; he was caught in a moment and dragged into the boat, while a volley of pistol balls was sent down at random by those who were above. The storm had now broken and the wind began to come in with fitful and fierce gusts.

"Up with the sail; be in a hurry, lads," cried the young hero, as soon as he could recover his breath after his ducking.

The crew promptly obeyed his orders, and the next moment the little boat was flying in towards the harbor before the blast, like a glad sea-bird, winging its way to its nest.

The enemy opened a harmless random fire of grape shot in their direction, but it only served to tell the anxious watchers on board their vessel that something had occurred, and they therefore at once showed lights and enabled the boat to be kept straight for her.

It was about half-an-hour after the gun had been fired by the ship at sea that the boat of the young adventurer rounded to alongside of his own craft.

"Have you captured the flag," cried the young senora, as Bennett bounded over the side.

The only answer she received was the banner wet as it was from the water and cut into pieces by the balls which had been fired at its captor.

The light of the vessel beamed not half so brightly as did the lady's eyes when she caught the noble youth to her arms and kissed him again and again.

Conquered at Last.

BY KATE KINGSLEY.

DR. DULANY sauntered down the village street.

"My lots have fallen in pleasant places," said he to himself. "When old Dr. Yocum asked me to come here and take charge of his practice for three months while he went away, I had no idea that I was stepping into an earthly paradise like this, and——"

But at this moment a tall square-shouldered young man stopped directly in front of him, holding out a welcoming hand.

"No!" cried he, "Surely my senses can't be playing me false! It is Frank Dulany! And what in the name of all the heathen gods has brought you here?"

Dulany laughed.

"I knew you lived somewhere in this vicinity," said he. "I am here in charge of Dr. Holden's patients for three months while he is away. Tell me something about Moosbridge and the Moosbridgians."

Mr. Kirke linked his arm in that of his friend, and together they walked down towards the little stone hospital on the seashore, where incurable diseases, gratis-patients, and out-door relief were lumped together, as they often are in country towns: and as they walked they talked, with the careless abandon of college friends.

"But you haven't told me anything about the ladies," said Dulany carelessly.

"I'm coming to that," said Kirke. "We have a dozen pretty girls, at the very least, but only one beauty; and I tell you what, Dulany, you had better beware of Geralda Granger."

"And why?" Dulany asked.

"Because," Kirke laughingly made reply, "she is a merciless beauty—a slaughterer of human hearts—in fine, a first-class coquette."

"And you think I shall become one of her victims?" said Dr. Dulany.

"Think?" echoed Kirke. "I don't think at all—I'm quite sure of it."

"But I am only a poor young country doctor. Why should she trouble her head about me, if she is, as you say, such a peerless beauty?"

"Because," said Kirke, "she'd flirt with a chimney-sweep if there was no one else on hand upon whom she might whet her powers. It's in her. She's born to rule human hearts, and trample on them afterwards."

"And how have you escaped this common doom of all mankind?"

"I haven't," Kirke answered, with a comical grimace. "My scalp hangs at her belt with half a hundred others. She refused me a year ago. She don't mean to marry in Moosbridge. She has announced her determination to become the bride of some city millionaire, and I think she'll do it, too—for, by George, she's handsome enough to be a crown princess!"

Doctor Dulany thought over all these things afterwards, when he was by himself in his little office.

"I don't mean to become the prey of this rural Cleopatra," he said to himself, "and I rather think that my obscurity is my security."

* * * * * *

"The young doctor who has taken Doctor Holden's practice, eh?" said Miss Granger, a little disdainfully. "He is to be at Miss Mix's to-night, is he? Very well—I shall soon dispose of him!"

Geralda Granger was a tall, imperial beauty, with very dark, long-lashed eyes, a complexion like cream-and-roses, and a soft languid voice.

But to her infinite dismay and amazement, Dr. Dulany took no more notice of her than he did of old Mrs. Percy, who wore a wig and blue spectacles.

He was coolly polite—that was all, and Miss Granger did not know what to make of him.

He was the first man who had ever resisted her fascinations, and she was determined that he should be the last.

And she tossed her head, and the flinty-hearted fellow never even seemed to know it.

"A charming young man," said Mrs. Grasey—"so intellectual, so perfectly well informed on every subject."

"So truly generous and good to the poor," said Louisa Herbert.

"The most delightful companion in the world," said little Lucy Villars, who was developing into a dangerously pretty blonde. "Oh, Geralda, if you could only hear him talk about his home and his mother."

"Pshaw!" said Geralda, so short and sharp that Lucy looked up, wondering what was the matter.

Miss Granger was rather pensive that evening.

She had always regarded Lucy Villars as a child.

But, after all, she was nearly seventeen, and undeniably pretty.

But what a fool Dr. Dulany would be to fling away his rich nature and rare capacities on a thoughtless elf like Lucy, just out of boarding-school!

"Aunt Susie," said she, suddenly, "I think I should like to join a sisterhood, or go into a convent, or something of that sort."

"What?" said Aunt Susie, in dismay.

"I'm tired of all these senseless balls and parties," said Geralda, bursting into tears.

"My love," said Aunt Susie, "you are not well. Your nervous system is all run down. We'll send for the doctor."

Dr. Dulany came just exactly like a "human machine," as Geralda declared in her anger, felt her pulse, asked half-a-dozen conventional questions, and advised early hours and a tonic.

"I can't bear that man!" said Geralda.

And she burst out crying.

Dr. Dulany was at the hospital next day just at twilight, and as he came into the fever-ward a soft-gray shadow glided out at the other doorway.

"Who is that?" he asked quickly. "Not old Kate, nor yet Alice Evans."

"It's Miss Granger, sir," said the head nurse. "Alice has the neuralgia in her face and Miss Granger would take her place."

"She must not do it again," said Dr. Dulany with quiet authority. "I am not quite sure of the non-contagious character of some of these cases."

"She says, sir," declared the old nurse, "that she wants to do some good in the world. But we was to be sure and not tell you, sir."

Doctor Dulany smiled.

"There are more ways of doing good in the world than one," said he. "And Miss Granger must come here no more."

He hurried through the various wards and made such good speed back along the lonely road, that he overtook the grey, gliding shadow at the entrance to the village street.

"Miss Granger," said he, "I recognized you at once."

"What of it?" retorted Geralda, almost fiercely. "I supposed I had a right to enter the public hospital if I pleased to be useful."

"Possibly," said Doctor Dulany; "but it is my desire that you will not go there again."

"It is, then, an offence even to cross your path?" indignantly cried out Geralda.

"Not in the least; but——"

"I know—I have known all along," went on the girl, choking down the angry sobs in her throat, "that you hated the sight of me but you have no right actually to tell me so; Oh, I am so wretched. I wish that I were dead."

Dr. Dulany planted himself directly across the path, so that she could neither walk over, under, nor around him.

"Miss Granger," said he, "will you be kind enough to tell me what you mean?"

"No!" flashed out the girl, "I won't!"

"But you shall," quietly declared the doctor. "The reason that I did not want you to enter the hospital is, that I have an idea that some of those fever cases partake of the typhoid nature, and——"

"What then?" said Geralda. "What have I to live for, that I should shrink from exposing myself?"

"Everything," said the doctor.

"Nothing," said Geralda.

"Nevertheless," said Dulany, "I forbid you running this risk."

"What is it to you?" she cried, passionately. "If I dreamed that you cared whether I lived or died——"

She stopped suddenly, with crimsoning cheeks.

"I do care," said Doctor Dulany, "very much, indeed. In fact, I have been told that you were a heartless coquette——"

"It is false," said Geralda, hurriedly.

"I might even venture to say more," he pursued, his eyes fixed intently on her face.

"Say it, then," she whispered, making no effort to withdraw her hand.

"Well, then," he returned, laughing, "I love. "Is that definite enough?"

"And I love you," she answered. "Oh, Frank, you must have seen that long ago. But, tell me, when did you begin to—to care for me?"

"From the hour in which I first saw you," said he.

And so our village coquette was conquered and surrendered at discretion.

How to Fight a Dog.—An English clergyman, writing to a paper, says, as fighting a dog forms no part of the training of the police, and as it is an important branch of the art of self-defence, I submit this for their information. The requisite weapon is a stout stick or truncheon, to be held by a hand at each end across the chest close to the body. The dog, on flying at the neck, is to be received with the middle of the stick, pushed with the greatest force and rapidity across the throat of the dog. The brute, being thus thrown back, is to be struck on the nose; and should he renew the attack (which is not likely) it must be repeated. The stick may be about two feet long. An illustration of the method will be found in a tailpiece to "Bewick's Birds."

Professor (to student)—"You wish me to give you a recommendation? I don't remember ever having seen you at any of my lectures." Student—"Ah, professor, you evidently confound me with another man who looks very much like me, and who, it is true, has never attended your lectures." Professor—"Yes, yes, very likely." (Gives him the recommendation.)

GRETCHEN.

BY XEMO.

As we sat about the hearth,
She sat with us, but was alone;
No word of comfort could we speak.
She could not babble of her home.
We idly talked—she sat apart,
Her eyes were shaded with her hand;
A teardrop glistened on her cheek—
A tribute to the "Fatherland."

Poor hungry, home-sick, childish heart!
We could but faintly guess its pain,
As 'mong the coals she saw the home
She nevermore might see again.
She saw the fair Rhine water flow;
She heard the deep wood's lonesome sigh;
And in the evening's gathering gloom,
The elves and fairies flitting by.

She saw the grandmother at the door,
The little children round her knee,
She heard the oft told nursery tales,
The happy sound of childish glee;
She saw them pause, to speak of her,
To wish her with them, though so poor—
The larder scarcely held enough
For the children clust'ring round the door.

And then, perhaps, the sweet eyes saw
The burden of the years to come,
The sad regret and fruitless toil,
And hopeless longing for her home.
Ah! grossmudder pray for the hapless child,
That she be upheld by the Father's hand,
While fighting with the storms of Fate,
An alien in a stranger's land.

The Hired Carriage.

BY BERTIE BAYLE.

WELL, yes, ma'am; as you say, we nurses do sometimes see very romantic stories under our eyes.

If I could write down all the family histories that I have seen and heard, dear, dear! what a book it'd make, to be sure! But you were asking me about Miss Ethel Sunderland.

I was sent for to nurse her through a dreadful attack of lung fever when she was only seventeen.

Her father was pretty nearly out of his mind about her, for she was the only child, and her mother was dead.

They had relatives, like other people, but none living with them, and the house was under the care of a regular housekeeper. But Mr. Sunderland was very rich, and entertained a great deal of company, so that Mrs Wood, the housekeeper, had not time to regularly nurse Miss Ethel, who needed constant care.

She was the prettiest little creature, with big, soft, brown eyes, and a crop of brown curls, and as sweet and patient as she was pretty.

All the winter she was kept in her room; but when the spring opened the doctor ordered her to have a drive outside the town every fine day, especially ordering that she was to be carried down the stairs, as she was very weak and still short of breath.

Mr. Sunderland, though he was a rich man did not keep a carriage. He had waited for that, he said, until Miss Ethel was a young lady.

So he went to a livery stable and ordered an open barouche for every fine afternoon, being particular to speak for a very careful driver, and one strong enough to carry his daughter down the stairs.

Of course I was to go with Miss Ethel. She was so weak the first day that it was hard work to dress her.

As soon as she was rested after being dressed, I went down and called the driver to carry her to the carriage. As he came up the front steps, I thought he was one of the handsomest men I ever saw in my life, tall and strong, with dark curling hair, and big black eyes.

But, strong and tall as he was, no woman could have been more gentle. He lifted Miss Ethel as tenderly as a mother lifts a baby, and settled her on the pillows in the carriage so nicely that she looked the picture of comfort.

When she thanked him, he said, "This carriage was built for Mrs. Elberston, and is hung very low, on easy springs. I was accustomed to carry her as I have carried you, so Mr. Elberston sent me to-day."

Mr. Elberston was the man who kept the livery stable.

Certainly no carriage could be more comfortable, and the driver's seat was on the same level as the back one where Miss Ethel was settled, while the driver and I sat in front.

He did not talk much the first day, but it was beautiful to see how careful he was in driving, and I could tell by his eyes that he was very much amused at Miss Ethel's chatter.

How her tongue did run! Everything gave her something to laugh or talk about, and just the faintest pink came into her pale cheeks, making her prettier than ever.

Well, we went to drive every day, and very soon the handsome driver chatted away with us as merrily as Miss Ethel herself.

His name, he told us, was Mark, and somehow, while he was perfectly respectful to us, you could see that it was not exactly in a servant's way, but that respect every gentleman gives a lady, or even a woman in my position.

And then, although I never had much education myself, I've been amongst ladies all my life, and we nurses have a great deal of time for reading, so I can tell when anyone has school learning as well as anybody, and Mark had.

He would tell Miss Ethel many things that she only knew a little about, but he had studied, and they would often use foreign words or whole sentences, as if they were just the same as English.

It all came about so easily, that we did not stop to think then how odd it was for her to be chatty with the driver, but after awhile I got uneasy. She was in some respects, you see, my charge, and if ever two young people were falling in love with each other these two were.

All through April, May, and June we drove out every day. Mark knew every pleasant drive within miles of the town, and as Miss Ethel grew stronger we spent whole afternoons in pleasant, shaded places, bringing home great bunches of wild flowers, and, better than all, bringing health to the dear child.

In July we went to the seaside, to a quiet place, where we had a furnished cottage and two servants.

Mr. Sunderland came down often, always for Sunday, but we were alone most of the time, and then I know the mischief those drives had done.

Well, when we went back to town I had no excuse for staying, and reported at the hospital for duty. I was very busy all winter, and could only call once or twice to ask for Miss Ethel. Her aunt had come home from Paris in the autumn, and Miss Ethel was having a gay winter, but she did not look strong nor happy.

I did not see her then for nearly a year for she travelled all the next summer, but in November Mr. Sunderland came for me. The old trouble on the lungs was threatening again, and the doctor had ordered Miss Ethel to Italy. Her father was going with her, but she wanted me, too, and I was glad enough to go.

I really loved her, and I was sure if she was ill that nobody could nurse her better than I could. I was shocked when I first saw her, she was so frail-looking; but she told me she danced herself to a shadow at Scarborough and Brighton, and would not own to being ill.

One day she asked me if I had ever seen Mark again.

"Old Mr. Elberston, who kept the livery stable, is dead," she told me, "and papa says he left a large fortune. But a stranger has the stable, and sent us a strange driver, I asked for Mrs. Elberston's carriage, but he said there was nothing answering my description in the stable."

I could not tell her anything about Mark, for the last time I had seen him was when he bade us a respectful good-bye the day before we went to the seaside.

Now, ma'am, comes the romantic part. Mr. Sunderland found out something, I cannot tell how or where, and a fine rage he was in.

He was too fond of Miss Ethel to storm at her, but he did talk to her about the disgrace it would be for her to marry a common hack-driver, and he was just in a panic to get away from town, though Miss Ethel told him she had never seen Mark excepting in the drives.

"Papa," she said, "you need not be afraid. He never made love to me as you have been told, never! I never spoke to him alone, and probably I shall never see him again."

We started in the Mediterranean steamer the very next day after this. Miss Ethel was comfortably seated on deck, when up walked Mr. Sunderland and another gentleman.

"My dear," he said, "let me introduce—"

And then Ethel cried out, "Mark!"

As soon as she spoke her face grew crimson, and Mr. Sunderland fairly gasped with amazement.

Then Mark said, "Please allow me to explain, Mr. Sunderland.

"You have known me, recently, as a rich man, whose father made money, as so many men do, by honest work.

"I was his only child, and no money was spared upon my education, it being the strongest desire of the dear old man's heart to see his son a gentleman.

"But after I left the university, I found my father, advanced in years, very dependent upon what assistance I could give him in his business.

"He kept a livery stable, and one day there came an order for a careful driver for an invalid. My dear mother was an invalid for years before she died, and one of our carriages was built especially for her.

"'Will you go, for once?' father asked me. 'I do not like to have you drive, but you were used to your mother, and know just how to drive an invalid.'

"So I went to your house, Mr. Sunderland, not only once but many times, and I became so deeply attached to your daughter that my whole life's happiness was in her hands.

"It was my intention to speak to you at once, but my father was stricken down suddenly with illness, and as he seemed recovering, was ordered to Italy, to die there, as perhaps you know.

"I remained abroad for a short time, returning only last week, and, as you know, being introduced to you by our mutual friend, Mr. Hartman, a few days ago.

"When I called to see you I learned that you would sail to-day in this steamer, and at once secured a cabin for myself.

"My affections require a winter in Italy, unless you bid me return in this same steamer."

But he did not. Having heard the story, Mr. Sunderland, who had been watching Miss Ethel's face, only said, "Settle it between yourselves. I made my money in ham and bacon, your father made his in horses. Young people now-a-days generally arrange these matters to suit themselves."

Married? Oh, yes, ma'am, nearly five years ago, and as happy as possible. They live with Mr. Sunderland, and I am sure he could not love a son of his own more than he does Mr. Mark Elberston.

THE HAIRS OF ALL AGES.

THE BEARD was originally ornamental, and the bearded man being popular in primitive society selected the fairest women; his offspring resembled him, and so on. Certain it is that wearing the beard was in the oldest times all the fashion. In ancient India, Persia and Assyria full beards were worn, and were esteemed as symbolical of dignity and wisdom. According to the old Egyptian pictures, shaving was a common practice in the land of the pyramids, or at least, the frequent absence of the beard among kings and priests is noticed as a sort of indication of rank. Herodotus says that for cleanshaving, the priests "gave a certain sacred reason which we do not think it lawful to disclose," probably because he did not know it. At any rate, the Egyptians may be said to furnish the earliest instances of "the priest all shaven and shorn." The Assyrian kings wore enormous beards, oiled and curled in tiers or stories, and some of them treasured these appendages in jewelled cases. The chosen people represented Adam with as luxuriant a beard as Homer gives Jupiter, father of gods and men, in the Iliad, and always clung to their beards with particular affection and jealousy. To mar the corners of the beard was an offense against their law. The fugitive who reverentially raised his hand to the beard might hope for succor; to swear by it, was to take a most sacred oath; for a stranger to touch it was an insult, and it was the sign of supreme affection for children and kinsfolk to touch it gently or kiss it. Thus it was that Joab slew the unsuspecting Amasa. To cut an envoy's beard was a crowning affront—it was like insulting the ambassador's flag.

Alexander the Great is credited with having introduced shaving during his Asiatic wars, having noticed that the beard afforded a convenient handle for the enemy: this was the original "fighting cut," and the first instance of a military regulation concerning hirsute appendages. The Greeks not only employed razors, but "sharp pitch-plasters." They sent the fashion over to Rome about 300 B. C., where Scipio Africanus, the younger was the first gentleman of note to shave daily. In Cæsar's time a slight goatee or mustache, assiduously cultivated, was the thing for a young man of fashion. Whereas tearing the hair had been a sign of mourning, in Rome letting the beard grow was the orthodox method of celebrating a public calamity. The Roman Emperors shaved until the time of Hadrian, who let his beard grow to hide an ugly scar.

From Rome the habit of shaving was carried all over Central and Northern Europe, where wearing the beard had been the universal custom. According to Tacitus, the ancient Germans cultivated the beard till they had killed an enemy in battle. Long, shaggy hair and enormous tangled mustaches had been in vogue among the ancient Britons. On the introduction of Christianity the clergy among the Anglo-Saxons had to shave, and after the Conquest one of the grievances against William was his suppression of the English mustache. Shaving, by the clergy, especially, was a sort of protest against Judaism and Islaism, though the early Christian fathers had followed the Jewish custom and prescribed the retention of the beard. The gallant Julius II., victor over the Venetians and French, allowed his beard to grow when he ascended the papal throne in 1503, and set a fashion that was followed over the Christian world. Francis I. of France, copying him, as he had received an ugly wound in the face from a brand of blazing wood in a Twelfth Night frolic. Up to that time the beard had led a checkered existence in France. After the battle of Tolbiac, where Clovis thrashed the later Alaric so soundly, the conqueror sent word to the vanquished to come and touch his beard—make an alliance—but Alaric, instead, caught the Frankish envoys by the beard and sent them back, swearing furiously by the violated appendages to have their revenge, which was prompt and bloody. Thereafter France saw beards of all sorts, long, short, round, pointed, square, braided, woven with gold thread, spangled with pearls, until the era of shaven chins was closed by Francis I. and the influence of the Renaissance. Louis VII.'s shaving, it may be remembered, was a serious act for himself and his country. With his fair chestnut beard he was barely tolerated by his wife, Eleanor of Guienne, and when he shaved it off a broil began, which ended in their divorce, her remarriage to Henry II. of England, to whom she brought Poitou and Guienne as a dowry, and a war which ravaged France for three millions of men.

On the Continent, magistrates, grave burghers and other worthy folk had long made a practice of wearing "beards of formal cut" opposed to the regnant court fashion, whatever that happened to be, and when the civil war broke out under Charles I., the hair became the distinguishing mark of the factions. The beard of the period was worn sharply peaked in a triangular form, and pasteboard cases were employed to cover them during sleep; a man of fashion gave more time to his beard than one does nowadays to his hair, and even had his reader to beguile the tedium of arranging it.

THE man who can devour a dozen and a half raw oysters at one sitting, is the man for eighteen ate he. (What ho, without there! Seize him and hurl him from the loftiest battlements of the donjon keep into the foaming proteuilis that flows past the postern gate.) It is done. The limpid ripples of the silently flowing turret close above the eddying sally port, and all is over.

Scientific and Useful.

OILSTONES.—Glycerine, to which a few drops of alcohol have been added, is an excellent application for oilstones on which fine instruments are to be sharpened.

SOFTENING CAST-IRON.—The surface of cast-iron may be softened for turning or planing by immersion for 24 hours in a solution of one part of nitric acid to four of water.

COUGH SYRUP.—Take one-half pint of good vinegar, the same of molasses; boil together. While hot, add one-half ounce of laudanum. Dose, one tablespoonful five or six times a day.

FINE INK.—An exceedingly fine ink is said to be produced by the following recipe: 11 parts galls, 2 parts green vitriol, one-seventh part indigo solution, and 83 parts of water. Writing executed with this ink may, it is true, be removed by means of dilute acids, but it may be rendered visible again by chemical means.

WHEELS OF HIDE.—An inventor proposes to make machine gear wheels of raw buffalo hide by cementing and pressing together as many layers as are required for the breadth of the wheel. The blanks thus prepared are cut to form the teeth in the usual manner with suitable tools. The advantages claimed are smooth and noiseless action at very high speeds and greater durability without lubrication.

STEAM PIPES.—As regards the best method of protecting steam pipes, flocculent or fibrous materials, which are poor heat conductors, are to be preferred, and, if possible, an air space should be left between the pipe and the inner wall of the covering. Hair, felt, loosely felted wool shoddy, so-called mineral wool, asbestos, cork scraps, etc., are all good non-conductors. A trench about the pipe filled with sawdust, answers very well for underground pipes.

GROWTH OF TIMBER.—As the result of observation, and from the testimony of reliable men the following is about the average growth in twelve years of the leading desirable varieties of timber, when planted in belts or groves and cultivated: White maple, one foot in diameter and 30 feet high; ash, leaf maple or box elder, one foot in diameter and 20 feet high; white willow, one and a half feet in diameter and 50 feet high; yellow willow, one and a half feet in diameter and 35 feet high; Lombardy poplar, 10 inches in diameter and 40 feet high; blue and white ash 10 inches in diameter and 25 feet high; black walnut and butternut, 10 inches in diameter and 20 feet high.

Farm and Garden.

CARE OF SHEEP.—Keep sheep dry under foot. This is even more necessary than roofing them.

POULTRY.—As floors to poultry houses boards are not good, especially if chickens are to be brought up on them, nothing is so good as deep, well-pulverized, dry soil, which is really the least expensive of anything.

CORN FODDER.—Well-cured corn fodder has a feeding value almost equal to hay, and yet this fact is only appreciated by a few farmers. Cut up fine—butts and all—and fed with bran and corn meal, it is first-rate provender; nor should it be forgotten that the butts are the best part.

ROOTS OF GRASS.—The roots of grass being much shorter than those of the cereals are less able to collect ash constituents from the soil. If, therefore, grass is mown for hay, manures containing potash, lime and phosphoric acid will generally be required. Like the cereal crops, grass is greatly increased in luxuriance by the application of soluble, nitrogenous manures.

BUTTER IN WINTER.—In Denmark, in the management of the dairy, rape cake, oats and wheat bran are reckoned as first-class butter foods, palm-nut cake and barley as second-class foods, while linseed cake pears and rye are placed in the third class. By the employment of first and second-class foods, with cut straw, hay and roots, an abundance of excellent butter is produced throughout the winter.

WIDE TIRES.—Those who have learned to use wide tire wagons find great advantage in so doing. They could not be induced to go back to the narrow tire. The philosophy of this is readily observed. The broad tire does not cut through, either in mud or sand thus making the draft much lighter; besides this the roads are not cut up, but on the contrary the broad tire presses down the lumps and leaves a smooth track, thus bettering the roads, the advantage of which is easily understood. The tire which seems to meet with general favor is from three and a half to four inches wide.

CHIP DIRT.—An exchange speaks of the great value of "chip dirt," for spreading around young and newly set fruit trees, imparting to them double vigor and growth. It is simply the benefit derived from good mulching. Decayed chips, leaf mould and dried muck are all quite similar in their nature, and as they tend strongly to hold the moisture in the soil below, and cannot form a crust on the surface they are well fitted for the purpose. It is probable that a frequent stirring of the surface of the soil about the trees would answer nearly the same purpose; but planters generally neglect this stirring or perform it in an inefficient manner. While the action of the decayed vegetable matter cannot be hurt by neglect, it has a special advantage over other modes of treating the young trees.

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Presenting the Bride!

meets with unqualified praise, as we expected and it deserves, from all who have seen it. It certainly should give satisfaction for it is emphatically the BEST, HANDSOMEST and MOST VALUABLE PREMIUM EVER OFFERED. The illustration in our last number is calculated to mislead, as its appearance alongside of the original is quite disappointing. We said last week, the illustration was one-fifth the size of the Photo-Oleograph; it was really one-eighth size only.

Just think of it, dear reader—a $24 Photo-Oleograph and THE POST one year for $2. In estimating the value of this superb picture, don't compare it in your mind with any chromo you have ever seen. We say to you, emphatically, such a work of art as this was never before offered as a Premium Gift by any publishers in the world.

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THE ALWAYS READY.

Water will stagnate and corrupt, if it has neither fall nor tides, neither ripple nor waves. He who is just as ready at one time as another, to sleep or to eat, to laugh or to cry, to ride or to walk, to sing or to pray, to sit at home, or to go out and see his neighbors, can never do any one of these things with a real relish, or to the satisfaction of those who are with him. He who is never excited, never off his centre, never enthusiastic, and never depressed, might have got along with the Laodiceans, but he is the last man in the world to make friends or to win admiration in the communities we know anything about nowadays.

Peculiarly is it true in the field of mental activity that no general acquisition obviates the necessity of special preparation. If you hear a man make a good off-hand speech, you may be sure that that speech was not made off-hand. It was prepared for, in some way. If you find that a man seems always ready with his voice or his pen, you may set it down as certain that he is always making himself specially ready for each call on his voice or pen. There are no exceptions to this truth. When some one complimented M. Thiers on his impromptu speeches in the French Assembly, he replied that he never insulted the Assembly with impromptu speeches, but he rose at five o'clock every morning to prepare his "impromptus" for the day. Dr. Thomas Arnold declared that he never taught a lesson—even in the line of studies that he had a lifetime of general preparation in—without specially preparing himself for that one class recitation. And it was that that kept Thomas Arnold the good teacher to the last. So it is all the way up and down the scale. He who shows any special fitness for any special work has made preparation for that special work. General fitness is not a safe reliance for anything in particular.

SANCTUM CHAT.

IT is a curious fact that $15,000,000 of the fractional currency has not been presented for redemption. The greater part of this amount has been lost or destroyed, while much of it has ben filed away to be held as a reminiscence. In time it will command a premium from curiosity hunters; but the government is the gainer.

—

AT St. Thomas, Canada, a preacher was annoyed by snoring in church, and he had several members arrested for interrupting Divine worship, but the judge acquitted them on the ground that when a man rented a pew he could do what he had a mind to in it. The pew was like a berth in a sleeping-car, and a man could sleep in it, or sit up and listen to the sermon.

—

IN Great Britain there are annually brewed over 1,000,000,000 gallons of beer. The consumption per head annually is thirty-four gallons. Germany brews 000,000,000 gallons yearly, at the rate of twenty-two gallons for every man, woman and child in the empire. In Sweden and Norway the annual consumption was only six gallons per annum, but strong drink largely took its place.

—

PROMPTED by the criticisms upon women's large head-gear at places of public amusement, the wife of Governor Wallace inquires: "Why cannot a thorough reform be inaugurated in that matter, and women, as well as men, be allowed to sit with uncovered heads in public assemblies without being subject to adverse criticism? It would certainly be a great advance toward that liberty for which we pine."

—

SOME years ago an eccentric genius published a plan for preventing forest fires in this country. His scheme was to procure immense quantities of goats and donkeys, which were to be turned loose into the forests, where they could browse upon and get rid of the undergrowth. As fires could not spread without this undergrowth, of course the forests would be preserved. But the scheme never came to anything.

—

INDICATIONS of the growing power of popular education are, happily, multiplying daily. All persons interested in the dissemination of knowledge among the masses, will be gratified on reading the following facts: On the door of a shop in Boston the inscription has for some time been noticed, "No admittance except on business." Of late, however, it has been observed that the proprietor has perceived something wrong about the third word, and has very carefully planted an x over the first e thereof, thus making his sign read, "No admittance except on business." As, in process of time, orthographic education achieves its perfect work in his mind, the remaining necessary change will doubtless be made.

—

ANOTHER reason has been discovered in San Francisco why the obnoxious Chinaman "must go." He is establishing chop-houses where knives and forks, and not chop-sticks, are used in the good old-fashioned way. These houses are patronized by Americans as well as Chinamen, and the proprietors of the French and Italian restaurants are trembling for fear that the cunning "pig-tail" may steal their trade by underselling them.

—

THE claim of a Vienna scientist that he has discovered fossil animal organisms in meteorites, has excited much discussion and an eager interest on the part of naturalists to get at the truth of the matter. It is asserted that those who have examined his microscopic preparations of the remains have become convinced of the genuineness of the discovery. Darwin, the greatest of revolutionists, is said to have started from his seat on viewing one of the finest of these specimens, exclaiming: "Almighty God! What a wonderful discovery! Wonderful!" And is it not wonderful? These fossil remains, found in a bit of stone, may be a message to us from the region of space, telling of an exploded world once peopled with these very organisms in life, and proving, perhaps, that ours is not the only world in which animal forms have existed.

—

DOES prohibition prohibit? Statistics say no. For instance, there was a prohibitory law in Massachusetts from 1870 to 1874, inclusive, and the number of convictions for drunkenness was as follows: In 1870, 19,320; in 1871, 20,581; in 1872, 23,889; in 1873, 24,106; in 1874, 22,943; in 1875, 24,199. In 1876 the present license law was passed, and for four years the convictions for drunkenness were as follows: In 1875, 19,584; in 1877, 18,898; in 1878, 17,581; and in 1879, 17,570. We understand that figures do not always tell the truth, but there cannot be much doubt that in this case they are substantially accurate. Prohibition, so far as it is enforced, simply drives out the use of mild and bulky beverages, and drives the liquor traffic into secret places. The effect is more drunkenness and worse results on account of the deterioration of the quality of liquor consumed.

—

A CHINESE funeral took place in New York the other day. With one exception, the attendants were all male. The pall-bearers and mourners were clad in white. The bearers were followed by a coach containing a basket of wax-candles and joss-sticks for use at the burial. Next came a band of musicians, who made all the noise they could with gongs, cymbals and horns. The master of ceremonies rode on the hearse, and continually scattered to the winds small bits of rice-paper. When the grave was reached the musicians made day hideous while the coffin was lowered by the eight white-robed bearers. When the earth had been leveled a banner was planted at each end of the mound; then the basket was brought and the wax-candles were lighted at the foot of the mound. The joss-sticks were also lighted upon the grave, burning with a pleasant odor. At the same time a little fire was kindled at the side, and paper-money was burned there. The remainder of the rice-paper was pinned to the grave. Then the friends of the dead man passed in turn around the grave and made a low bow to it with clasped hands uplifted.

—

IN Europe every girl learns cooking as an art, and that part of her education is as essential as reading or writing. Every restaurant and hotel has a number of these volunteers, who pay for the privilege of learning under the tuition of a *chef*, in addition to which they do work around the kitchen. No matter how rich a man is, his daughters must learn in this manner, so that they can supervise the household and learn to cook well and economically. This custom has been imported to this country in a different form, and is now permeating the East in the shape of schools of cookery. In Europe the girls are also taught cookery in the schools, and the consequence is that they are wives in fact as well as in name. When girls in this country stop looking down on housewifery as dishonorable, and begin to learn cooking as an art, they will all pass out of the state of single blessedness, but until that time the crop of old maids will continue to increase alarmingly. The oft-heard remark that two can live as cheaply as one is mnk nonsense. Any young man can live well, dress well, and smoke the best cigars on $1,000 a year. He cannot marry on $1,500 and do the same.

—

A CORRESPONDENT of a Chicago paper tells a remarkable story of a private house in New York, where a glass of ale and two cakes are given free to anybody who calls and asks for them. And more than that, the people in the house dare not refuse this hospitality. It seems—so runs the account—that the original owner of the house, a wealthy and eccentric individual, left it to his daughter and her heirs, "so long as she or they gave without price to any one who requested them a glass of ale and cakes." Should they decline in any instance the property was to revert to other heirs. This singular provision has been scrupulously complied with, and many have been the attempts to catch the occupants of the house violating it. Fortunately for them, very few persons know of the circumstance, and when the correspondent was taken there by a friend, the lady said they were the first callers for "ale and cakes" in five years. Two cakes are always given to each visitor, as the will distinctly says "cakes."

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A NEW feature of household decoration is the gorgeous hangings for walls and ceilings. Not only are rich and elegant imitations in paper of embossed leather and French cretonnes used, but tapestries, Italian silks, and Spanish velvets are employed. Modern manufacturers have succeeded in reproducing the designs of historic tapestries so that any rich woman who admires the taste of Mme. de Maintenon, or La Pompadour, may have her rooms hung with copies of tapestries made for them. In dining-rooms there is a new way of putting on papers. The room is wainscotted to the height of three or four feet, and the rest of the wall is papered. Strips of stamped leather, about four inches wide, fastened at short intervals by brass-headed nails, are placed on the wall next above the wainscot, and then are carried around the frames of the doors and windows. Like strips are run around the walls, and ceiling at the angles, and thus form a ceiling-border and cornice. Similar strips of leather line the corners of the walls. This finish is especially intended for use with heavy embossed leather papers, which are so thick that it is difficult to fit them neatly into corners. The effect is good with plainer papers. In a room thus decorated, the furniture is usually of wood like the wainscotting, and upholstered in leather to match the finish on the walls.

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THE courts at one time were disposed to construe the law as between tenants and owners in favor of the latter, but recently their decisions have been much more liberal to the tenant. Once it was understood that whatever improvement was added to a property by a tenant could not be removed. There has been a decided modification of decision on this subject of late. As a general rule, whatever a tenant puts into a dwelling or erects on the premises for his own comfort, without the intention to permanently annex it, he may remove at any time before the expiration of his lease. This would include such things as cupboards, shelves, coal-bins, and even a stairway has been held to be within the rule. All trade fixtures and temporary structures, whether frame or brick, and without regard to their size, may be taken down and carried off by the tenant who erected them. Even a dwelling-house is not a part of the realty if the right to remove it is reserved. All the landlord can legitimately demand is to have his property restored to his possession in as good order as it was received by the tenant, ordinary wear and tear excepted. Whatever the tenant puts in of a movable nature he may take away, but his carpenter work must not injure or permanently alter the property. All the decisions concur that these removals of improvements and fixtures must be made within the term of the lease. If the tenant waits until his lease has expired the land and all that is on it except the tenant reverts to the landlord.

SAILING.

BY IDA M. THOMPSON.

It's a bonnie thing at morning
With the sun all shining over;
With the wind a sweet breath lifting,
From off the fields of clover;
With the birds all chirping gaily,
A happy roundelay,
To see our white sail filling
For sailing down the bay.

It's a bonnie thing at even,
With the moon all red and round,
A lighting up the shadows,
In the stillness so profound;
To see our white sail filling,
For crossing o'er the tide;
And be coming from the distance
To home's familiar side.

It's a bonnie thing in childhood
To be out upon the tide,
To be sailing on Life's river,
While on the swift years glide;
But its bonnier as age falleth,
With the shadows of death's night,
To be letting go the tiller,
With the port of Heaven in sight.

Passion And Pride.

BY EDWARD ARNOLD.

I WAS left an orphan at an early age, but with immense wealth. After arriving at manhood I enjoyed all that untrammeled leisure and money could procure me. I traveled abroad, and for some years pursued those amusements and pleasures which the old world, with its experience of luxury, offers to the unoccupied and wealthy.

When I was about thirty, I determined to marry. As my property consisted mostly of landed estate, situated in my native country, I wished, when I married, to return there and make it my home.

Then I thought it would be better to select a wife from my own countrywomen—one who would be content to settle down to the domestic life of her own home. I shrank from selecting my future life-companion among the gay, brilliant belles of foreign circles.

No, I was wearied of out-doors life, and pined for some new sphere of enjoyment. A quiet married life would procure happiness for me I felt sure; and on my voyage home, I built all sorts of domestic castles in the air.

I thought it would be very easy in my own country to obtain just the kind of woman I wanted. I had no fears of my success.

I knew I had a fine personal appearance and good address, which would, of course, secure the heart of the happy lady of my selection; then my handsome fortune and excellent position in society would smooth away all family difficulties. But after my return home I found there were as many obstacles existing to my marriage as abroad; the women were the same—beautiful, accomplished, interesting, but mere women of the world.

I became the fashion, of course, and was a mark for scores of manœuvering mammas and fair daughters.

No one asked what faults I had, or whether my disposition was such as to ensure happiness in married life. My passionate, wilful temper was termed a becoming spirit, my selfishness was either overlooked or uncared for.

I possessed every charm of mind and person, because I was an excellent match. Disgusted, I almost resolved upon old bachelorhood for the rest of my life.

One summer, after recovering from an attack of illness, I happened, by chance, in travelling about in pursuit of my lost health, to stop at a sea-bathing place, quite unknown to the fashionable world. It was so unlike every other watering place I had ever been at, that I resolved to remain there until I wearied of it as I had of everything else.

At this retired place I met Emily Grayson.

Her parents had gone there like myself for the benefit of their health, rather than for amusement.

I soon discovered that Mr. Grayson and my father had been college friends; and though they had but rarely met after they had left college, the recollection of their boyish intimacy was so pleasant to Mr. Grayson that he received the son of his old friend warmly and affectionately. I pass over my introduction to his family.

From my first interview with Emily Grayson, I felt interested in her, and an intimate acquaintance but increased that interest. I soon penetrated her character—not a difficult task, for never had I seen a face so expressive of the feelings of the soul as hers. Her actions, too, were dictated alone by the impulses of a pure heart.

I found that she was artless, intelligent and affectionate; these were the qualities which I had determined that my future wife must possess.

Nevertheless, she had faults. Her curling lip, her expanded nostril and flashing eye, when circumstances aroused her, indicated that she possessed an impetuous temper, with no small quantity of pride.

I soon found that she was rather self-willed; but I excused this fault, for she had always been the petted plaything of parents, friends, and teachers. These were her only errors: and I thought they might easily be corrected, for while harshness but incensed her, she was as easily controlled by gentleness as a child.

Suffice it to say, that she came nearer my ideal than any one I had ever met with, and I determined to win her.

I loved her as I had never loved woman. I read with her her favorite authors and mine; I walked and rode, sung and talked with her. I told her of the lands I had visited—of the wonders I had seen; and when, at last, I gave utterance to my love, my words fell on a willing ear; and I soon obtained permission to ask her hand of her parents.

Great was their astonishment when they heard their girlish daughter demanded in marriage.

They had seen my attentions, it was true; but they had looked on me as so much her senior—she was but sixteen, I beyond thirty—that they had never imagined the possibility of my becoming a lover.

However, when they found that Emily really loved me, they offered no objection, stipulating, however, that our marriage should be deferred for one year, that we might study each other's characters more closely during that time, with the additional request, that our betrothal should not be made public. If at the expiration of that time we both remained unchanged, they promised that she should become mine.

I pleaded in vain for a speedy marriage: I feared that the prize which I had won might possibly be lost to me; and with all my natural impetuosity of temper, I sought to secure immediately what I hoped would perfect my day-dream of happiness. They were firm.

"Their daughter," they said, "was very young, and might possibly have mistaken a girlish liking for a more serious attachment. I, too, might be influenced by a passing fancy."

I yielded to what I could not control, but there was a source of satisfaction mingled with my disappointment.

I saw that my wealth had no influence in their decision, and the fear which had always haunted me—of being married from mercenary motives, was destroyed; at length I was loved—fondly and devotedly loved, and for myself alone.

The year passed away more rapidly than I had anticipated.

Oh! what a happy year was that! Friendless, alone, a sorrow-stricken old man, on the verge of the grave, I look back upon that period as the sunny hour of my existence.

In my dreams I recall it, and once again those happy days, with their bright hopes, their blissful realities, are mine. But to my story.

Daily my betrothed grew nearer and dearer to me; though modesty restrained any protestations of love, her silence was more eloquent than words.

The year passed happily away, and my wedding day arrived. I would have made it the occasion of a grand festival; I wished the world to witness my proud joy; but my bride looked on marriage as too solemn, too serious a thing for mirth.

A prouder, if not a happier man, was I when, after we had finished the bridal tour, she was at last installed as mistress of my magnificent mansion—when I received the congratulation of my friends, and heard the whispered murmur of admiration which her beauty excited.

Fete after fete was given to her, and we plunged into the maelstrom of fashionable matrimonial dissipation.

Emily, however, preferred the quiet pleasures of home to the gay scenes into which she was introduced—and so, in truth, did I; but my vanity rejoiced in her triumphs. Secluded as she had been from society, she had none of the faults of the initiated, and I was proud to contrast her artless, unaffected mien, and modest dignity, with the stately pretensions of those around her.

At length the bridal parties were over, and in the quietude of our home our characters began gradually to unfold themselves in each other's view.

I found that I was not mistaken in my estimate of my wife's love. It was a deeper and more devoted affection than I had even dreamed would ever become mine.

She loved me with all the warmth of her warm, impetuous nature; her faults were not called into action, and she was radiant with all those good qualities which so delight a man.

How very happy we were; how very happy we might have remained. My moon of perfect love was at its full. I stood on the topmost pinnacle of happiness.

Hitherto I had mused over the poet's lay of love; I had burned at the novelist's description of the intensity of the passion; but their wildest, their most visionary dreams fell short of that Elysium of delight—that Eden of bliss which I enjoyed with Emily.

All was joy, all was brightness; but the shadow descended on my hearth—I brought it there—I fed it—I nursed it, until the light of joy was extinguished—until the sun of happiness had departed forever.

I have said that my temper was naturally violent; that I was obstinate; that I was selfish. Previous to my marriage, circumstances had kept this infirmity of disposition in check, and for some months after I controlled it.

It had but slumbered—it was not quenched; and I, who had undertaken to correct this very fault in another, now, myself, became its slave.

The bonds were soon broken; the first unkind words were spoken—those words which are so easily repeated after they have once occurred. The first quarrel—that sad era in married life—had taken place between us, and both felt that, henceforth, that perfect love which we had hitherto enjoyed could return no more.

Could we ever divest ourselves of the memory of those cruel words?

"But we might still be comparatively happy if this evil occurred no more;" so said my weeping wife, when, after a passion of tears, she offered me her hand. Things passed on smoothly for a time; but the bonds were broken, and I ceased to check the ebullitions of anger which the slightest circumstance called forth.

Before the second year of my married life had passed away, I became that worst of all oppressors—a household tyrant.

At any annoyance, no matter how slight—if my meals were not prepared at the appointed hours—if a paper, or a book was mislaid—I would give way to expressions of anger of which, afterward, I really felt ashamed, knowing how unworthy they were of a man; and yet, when again angered, I repeated them, and more violently than before.

My wife bore this with patience, but her indulgence chafed me, and I sometimes uttered taunts which no human being could suffer in silence.

Then came a reply, and when this reply did come—such scenes as occurred! I would work myself into an insane passion, and utter words, at which, in my cooler moments, I shuddered, and which invariably drove her, weeping, from the room.

And yet, soon after, would she come to me, and beg to be forgiven for the very words which I had forced her to utter.

The demon within me rejoiced to see her pride thus humbled before mine, for never no matter how much in fault, did I seek a reconciliation. My temper became more and more violent, and at length, in one of our usual quarrels, I proposed a separation.

Had a serpent stung her she would not have gazed on it as she did on me.

Never shall I forget her look, so deathly pale, as she came near me and placed her hand on my arm.

"Horace," said she, "do you think I could survive such an act? Do you think I would send my gray-haired parents sorrowing to the grave? Would see another woman your bride? Would bear the world's sneering pity? Never! never! I will die first. Persecute me, torture me, inflict every refinement of cruelty upon me even strike me, if you will; but never will I consent to such a proceeding—never shall the world call me other than your wife so long as we both shall live.

"You came to me when I was young and happy; you took me from a home where I had never known sorrow; you have blighted the hopes of my young life, and now, now you seek to cast me away like a toy of which you have wearied."

I recoiled at myself; but I remained unchanged.

We had been married four years, and Emily had greatly changed in that time.

The gay, light-hearted girl had become the calm, dignified woman. The world looked upon us as examples of matrimonial happiness, for we were both too proud to betray the truth.

Of late, Emily's manner had altered; she ceased to reply to my fits of passion; neither did she now come and seek to effect a reconciliation with me.

An icy calm reigned between us. This existed for some time; but while I wished it broken, my pride prevented me from making the first advances.

Fain would I have had it dispelled by any means which would not humiliate me; for, with all my unkindness, I really loved my wife, regretted the violence of my temper, and lamented my want of self-control.

But now—what should I do? My pride forbade any advances from my side, and I feared that none would come from hers. I saw at length that her pride was aroused, and I dreaded that she would obey its dictates, even though it broke her heart, for I knew she still loved me.

Day by day her cheek grew paler—her form thinner, and I saw she suffered; but my fiendish pride would not give way. Sometimes, when I had almost conquered myself, when I had determined to effect a reconciliation, when next we met a cold bow from her, with her stately manner, again awoke the demon within me, and my good resolutions were broken.

Thus matters stood, when, one day, I entered the room where she was sitting, and excited by wine, which, lately, was frequently the case, I commenced upbraiding her about some trifle. She answered not, but continued her work—a piece of delicate embroidery. Enraged at her silence, I snatched it from her hands, threw it on the carpet, and placed my foot on it.

The blood rushed to her pale cheek—her eyes flashed with their former fire as she sprung to her feet, and bade me restore it to her.

"O, fetch," I replied, "are you melted at last? Give it to you! No, indeed; I will teach you more respect for your husband than you have lately shown. See," I continued, as I picked it up and tore it to fragments, "see! there is the frippery which you think more worthy of your attention than your husband."

"Anything is more worthy of it than my husband at this moment," she replied."

"Say you so; say you so, madam," I exclaimed, grasping her by the arm, and hissing the words through my teeth; "then, what say you to a separation?" You need not refuse, I will have one; I will live no longer with such a wife. Do you consent? answer me?" I continued, shaking her by the arm.

"As you please," she replied; "nothing can be worse than this."

"You consent at last then, do you? Well, this very day I will commence arrangements."

"When you please," she replied, and she left the room.

I stood aghast at what I had done; I had proposed a separation, and she had consented.

I had said that on that very day I would commence arrangements for the purpose, and could I break my word? Could I go to her and beg her not to leave me, and that, when I, myself, had proposed such a step? My pride again forbade me, and I obeyed its dictates; but there still remained a secret hope within me, that on cool reflection she, herself, would refuse.

I determined to consult a lawyer in whose secrecy I could confide, and make such arrangements as were absolutely necessary. I did so, and patiently awaited the result.

My wife did not appear again during that day—the next morning I found a note on my plate at the breakfast table: Emily was not there. I opened it, and found that it contained a proposal to the effect that she should be permitted to join some friends who were about to visit Europe, ostensibly on account of her health; that she should remain absent one year, and if, at the expiration of that time she still lived, that a permanent separation might be arranged; but at present such a thing should not be made public.

The note was written in a calm, clear manner, yet I thought the desire to avoid publicity in the affair betrayed some token of relenting.

I replied to it at once, saying that I should make no objection to such an arrangement, or to any other that might suit her convenience. With the note I sent a large amount of money for her preparations.

The next day we received an invitation to a party, which, contrary to her late habits, Mrs. Mansfield accepted. She sent it to me in a note, stating the fact, and saying that she thought it would afford an excellent opportunity to make known to society her intention of visiting Europe. I signified my assent.

During the time which intervened I saw my wife only at the table, where she appeared as calm as ever, though, perhaps, a trifle paler than usual.

Hour on hour I had looked for her pride to fail her. Deeply injured as she had been, I could not bring myself to believe that, loving me as she once had loved me, and I fondly hoped still did, she would really leave me; but after having once made public her intention I feared lest she might not shrink.

Would she do so? O, how anxiously I awaited that eventful night, and when, at last, it came, I was dressed and in attendance at an unusually early hour.

As I paced the floor anxiously, I hoped—I prayed that her heart would conquer—that love would subdue pride; but how could I—how dare I—hope it? What indignities had she not borne from me! Ought I not to humble myself and ask her to forgive me!

Had she come in at that moment I would have done so, but she came not. I wondered how she would dress.

Perhaps some carelessness in her apparel would betray that her mind was too much preoccupied to think of it. I glanced at the clock; it was time that she should be there. Just then she entered, and as pale and calm as usual.

I looked at her dress; it was of dark velvet, trimmed with rich lace—she had worn just such a dress in happier days because I admired it, and thought that it became her style of beauty.

But now what was her object? Did she desire to please me still, or was it habit? I glanced at her arms—on her neck she wore a set of diamonds which I gave her shortly after our marriage. She rarely wore them at first, because she thought them unsuitable ornaments for one so young, but now, when she looked so queenly and moved so stately, they gave to her a grandeur which startled me.

I could detect no carelessness in her dress—no agitation in her manner.

Her hand trembled not when I led her to the carriage. She showed no emotion during our drive to the scene of festivity.

Could this be the light-hearted girl I married a few short years ago? Could this cold, this haughty, this imperial woman, be the gentle, the loving, the delicate wife of other days?

I heard the murmur of admiration which greeted her; I saw group after group of flatterers gathering around her, and I wandered through the crowd like one in an opium dream, until, at last, I reached a conservatory, where I concealed myself, and thought of her—thought of her as when first I met her.

I looked back on the happy hours of our betrothal—on the happier days of our early married life.

I recalled her joyousness of spirit—her frank confidence of manner—her deep love—our former happiness—our present misery; and I remembered that it was I that had wrought the change. In a few days we should part—perhaps forever—part, while our hearts were full of love for each other!

Never had I adored her as at that hour, and I determined that she should not leave me.

Just then the voice of some one singing reached me. The tones seemed familiar; I could not be mistaken; the voice was hers. I hastily repaired to the room from which it proceeded, and, placing myself in a position from which I could see the singer without being seen by her, listened until the song was finished.

She was about to arise, when several voices asked for another song—for one which once had been a favorite of hers—of mine.

Her face flushed, and then paled again, when it was placed before her.

Perhaps she thought of how often she had sung that song for me. In my eager-

ness I had pressed forward, and just when she hesitated, her eyes met mine.

She immediately complied. Her voice faltered at first, but recovering herself, she sang it through to the end.

It was a lay of happy love. When it was finished, she raised her eyes for a moment, and only a moment, to mine, and then commenced another—one I had never heard before—the story of a proud heart broken!

The words seemed to come from her very soul. The tones of her voice will ring in my ears until they are dulled by death.

A deep, painful silence pervaded the room. Tears stood in many bright eyes, and many red lips quivered with emotion.

Then she ceased and arose from her seat, but so pale was she I feared she would faint.

We soon after returned home. The distance was short, but the time seemed an age until we reached our house.

I would have given worlds to have spoken and to have told her all—all my sorrow—all my repentance—but I could not; my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth, nor indeed, until long after we had reached our home, and she bade me "good-night," could I utter a word.

Then and only then I summoned out a request that she would remain for a few moments.

She closed the door and returned to her chair, raising her large, dark eyes inquiringly to mine. I hesitated.

"Emily," at last said I—I had not called her so for months before—"Emily, will you not sing me those songs you sang to-night?"

"Certainly, if you wish it," she replied, and seating herself at the piano, she sang them again in a clear, calm tone.

I had determined when the songs were finished to seek a reconciliation; but the demon, pride, whispered "will you be less firm than she? This cannot last; why humiliate yourself?"

Alas, I listened, and obeyed! I suffered the last opportunity to recall our lost happiness to escape.

Pride, the tyrant, was obeyed, and I suffered her to leave the room with a cold "good-night."

I went up into my own lonely chamber, and sat down, and pondered on the events of the evening, regretting, bitterly regretting my folly in suffering my pride again to master me.

I heard my wife moving about her room which adjoined my own, and then, suddenly, a heavy fall and low groan! I rushed into her apartment and found her extended on the floor.

I raised her in my arms, and to my horror! her white night-dress was covered with blood, which was streaming from her mouth.

The truth flashed upon me at once; she had broken a blood vessel; she would die! I sprang to the bell.

In a few minutes, minutes which seemed an age, the servants entered the room, but stopped horror-stricken at beholding their beloved mistress apparently in the agonies of death!

"The doctor, a doctor, quick!" I shouted, "she will die, she will die!"

In a second they were all gone save her maid, who was sobbing and praying, while she wiped the blood from the blue lips of her expiring mistress. O, what agony I suffered during the interval which ensued before the arrival of the physician.

I called her by the dearest titles; I begged her but to speak one word, I entreated her to forgive me, only to smile once more? She slowly opened her large eyes; a slight smile passed over her face, and she was—dead! Just then the physicians entered.

I would not, I could not believe that she was really no more, that God had taken her from me. I begged and prayed of them to exert their skill, to save her!

"It will be useless to attempt it," was their pusillanimous reply; "no human power can restore life!

I did not believe them. My wife was not—could not be dead. I clasped her in my arms; I kissed her brow, her lips; and all became a blank.

What passed afterward I know not. When I awoke to consciousness I found myself lying on a bed in a darkened room.

A strange female was standing by its side, talking in a low tone of voice to another stranger.

"He seems better to-day, doctor," said she, "much better."

I asked for my wife; they told me to be quiet, that I had been very ill, and inquired how I felt? I answered not, for gradually past events came back to my recollection.

I remembered everything, even my last kiss on her clay-cold lips. I knew that she was dead, and asked them what they had done with her?

At first they hesitated, but at length they told me that she had been buried. Buried! my Emily! my wife!

Again I ceased to remember. The delirium which accompanied the fever that had attacked me, returned. All was chaos.

Several months elapsed ere I recovered, and since that time my days have been passed in tears, and in prayer, at her grave; my nights in dreaming of her goodness, her affection and my terrible sin.

Years have rolled away since she was consigned to the tomb—years of suffering—of remorse—in which I clothed my spirit with sackcloth and heaped ashes on its head.

My deep repentance has at last procured forgiveness. Last night she smiled upon me in my dreams and beckoned me away. I most joyfully acknowledged the summons.

Ere many days I shall pass the portals of that mystic land where sorrow comes not and forgetting all my crimes I shall abide with my angel forever and forever!

Emily's Present.

BY J. DEMPSTER.

"OH, you darling! how glad I am to see you!"

Fred Nebinger, just back from a three months' miscellaneous ramble, had slipped unobserved, into Emily Ryder's mother's back parlor and hid behind the door; and the words above—he would have bet any money on it—were precisely those Emily would utter, with a surprised little scream, when he sprang from his concealment and caught her in his arms.

His reply would be a kiss, to which Emily would rejoin—

"Go along, Fred; how dare you, sir?"

He had planned the scene weeks before.

Let us see what the result was.

Hark, the very words he had expected, and in Emily's silvery tones.

But they weren't addressed to him.

"Oh, Robin, Robin!" she continued, "I have almost cried my eyes out for you."

And hist! what was that?

Surely a kiss, if Fred's ears were any judge!

A dialogue ensued, in which a man's voice, deep and gruff, doubtless Robin's—mingled.

Fred listened, but was unable to catch the drift.

Here was a situation for an engaged lover.

To come back, after a quarter of a year's absence, in the nick of time to catch his beloved in the act of lavishing on another the fond endearments which he had vainly fancied were kept treasured for himself.

What should he do?

Rush in and tax Emily with her perfidy in the presence of her accomplice?

No, he wouldn't afford them the triumph of witnessing his misery.

The first thing was to escape unseen from the house.

This he succeeded in doing: and taking a post of observation at a neighboring drug store, he waited, with what patience he might, the odious Robin's exit.

The latter's philandering didn't last long: for five minutes had hardly elapsed before the front door opened and a young man came out, whose appearance was more striking than gainly.

In cut and pattern his garments were of the flashiest, while in point of colors and their distribution it is safe to say Solomon, in all his glory, was never so arrayed.

There was, withal, just enough of shabbiness to hint at better days.

Such fellows mostly have seen better days—many of them, long ago, their best.

Of his looks and manners it's enough to say they were coarse and commonplace.

What could Emily Ryder see in such a creature?

Fred had always thought her taste infallible—that she had fallen in love with him was proof enough of this; but this jackanapes!—by what sorcery had he bewitched her senses?

As he sauntered by, he returned Fred's look with one so insolent that the latter would have given anything for a decent excuse to repay it with a sound thrashing.

"I'll go where he goes, at any rate," said Fred. "I may want a chance at him yet."

And allowing the other a start of several yards, Fred followed, turning when he turned, and so accommodating his pace as to keep his distance without losing sight of his man.

The stranger looked back once or twice suspiciously, and then Fred would get interested in something across the street till the former faced front again.

And so they kept on till the forward man entered a door over which the words "Sample Room" shone in gilt letters.

Fred followed his leader, whom he found seated at a small table in the act of calling for a drink.

There was no mistaking the voice.

It was the same lately heard talking with Emily.

Fred sat down at another table and ordered his drink.

It was mixed and brought.

At length Fred's and the stranger's eyes met.

Neither would look aside first, and the result was a prolonged mutual stare.

The man of many colors got up and swaggered across to Fred.

"What d'yer wan't along o' me?" he demanded fiercely.

"Maybe that's it," he added, giving no time to answer, and dashing the remains of his drink in Fred's face.

Here was the opening Fred had longed for.

He took no small pride in his muscle and his "science."

In an instant he was up and on guard, and before his adversary knew what was coming, a stinging left-hander had closed his right eye.

The landlord didn't call the police.

Their presence indeed was the last thing he wanted, for he had received several admonitions lately that the continuance of his license depended on his keeping a more orderly house.

So he closed the doors, the spectators formed "a ring," and the fight proceeded.

The combatants, it soon appeared, were very equally matched.

Tables were overturned and chairs were smashed.

Blows fell thick and fast.

Right and left they struck out, neither taking time to parry.

Damage to the enemy, not self-preservation, became for the time the primal law.

Nobody interfered, and when the conflict ended it was from sheer exhaustion, victory perched on either banner.

Fred had himself been put into a cab and driven to his lodgings, whither a doctor was summoned for repairs.

He directed his landlady to say, if anybody called, that he had a sudden attack, and was too ill to see company.

Next morning, as he lay with a rotten apple bound over one eye, and a raw beefsteak on the other, feeling as battered and bruised in spirit as in body, a gentle tap came to the door.

"Come in!" growled Fred, thinking it was the landlady.

"Why, Fred!" cried a sweet voice, full of sympathy, "whatever's the matter? I heard this morning that you were ill, and had the doctor, but didn't know you'd been in a railway accident, as I see you have. They didn't want to let me see you: but I said I would—it was my place to nurse you. How did it happen, Fred dear?"

"Emily Ryder," said Fred, sternly, raising a corner of the beefsteak and giving her a very black look indeed, "you're a hypocrite! I know all!"

And when he had told all he knew—the story of the fight included—Emily burst into a hearty laugh.

"I'm quite prepared for such heartlessness," said Fred, bitterly.

"Oh, Fred, Fred!" cried Emily, recovering her breath. "I'm not heartless—I'm truly and sincerely sorry: but wait till I introduce Robin. I left him out in the carriage."

And running out, she was back in a minute, carrying in her arms a shaggy mite of a skye terrier, that looked like nothing but a pair of glittering eyes peering from a wisp of Scotch heather.

"Here's Robin!" she said, depositing him on Fred's pillow, whence he made a vigorous snap at the beefsteak, but his mistress caught his collar.

"He's a present I got while you were away," said Emily, "and the nicest little creature in the world. He was stolen the other day, and I offered a reward for his return, no questions to be asked. Yesterday a queer-looking man brought him home—the same, no doubt, that stole him. Of course, I was very glad to see Robin, and called him 'darling' and kissed him, and made a great to-do over him. But you getting into a jealous quarrel and fighting with a dog-thief—it's too funny for anything!"

For Fred's sake we drop the curtain.

Lilian's Mistake.

BY HENRY FRITH.

LILIAN Whitney looked out into the gathering twilight, her fair face, with the nut-brown curls clinging about it, brought out in startling relief by a background of vivid blush roses.

She was expecting her lover—noble, handsome Frank Carleton! Only a week ago he had poured into her ears the story of his love, and had asked her to be his wife.

And she smiled softly and blushed as she looked at the diamond ring which gleamed in the tender light of the glorious June moon, just grandly rising behind the far-off purple hills.

"Oh!" murmured Lilian, "what have I ever done that such a grand, noble man should love me?"

The love-light in her eyes became brighter, the blushes on her cheek deepened, for she heard a footstep which she could never mistake. With a fluttering heart Lilian shrank back among the rose-bushes, thinking loudly that Frank would soon find her.

But Frank Carleton was not alone, for a woman, tall and graceful in form, dressed in sombre black, was walking beside him.

Hark! Frank was speaking, and Lilian strained her ears to hear. What a look of love and devotion there was on his face as he bent over her! Lilian clenched her hands, and her lips grew white and rigid.

"Dear Maude," he said, softly and tenderly, "you can never guess how very, very thankful I am that that man is dead. Now you are free, and nothing shall part us again."

"Nothing, Frank?" she said, looking up at him; and Lilian could see the passionate love shining in his eyes. "Not even your marriage with this beautiful Miss Whitney?"

"Surely not," he answered, almost reproachfully. "Why should it?"

And then they passed on.

With a low moan, Lilian fell prone among the rose bushes.

Lilian did not stop to reason—did not stop to consider that there might be a mistake, that deceit and falsehood had ever been foreign to Frank Carleton's nature.

And so the next day Frank received a small package—a few books, some old love-letters, and a diamond ring. There was no note of explanation, but he well knew who had sent them.

Enraged and astounded, he immediately sought Lilian for an explanation; but the servant who answered his impatient ring said that she was "not at home."

A week later, Frank Carleton started for the Continent, and so these two lives, that might have been all in all to each other, drifted further and further apart.

* * * * * * *

Five years later. It was the evening of Mrs. Roderick Forrest's ball, and the best society of Melville was there. Lilian Whitney leaned back in the embrasure of one of the windows, and hidden by the flowing draperies of the curtains, watched with dreamy, half-closed eyes the bright, merry throng in the ball room.

Her beauty was more *spirituelle* than it had been five years ago, and the proud look on her face had softened into more tender, more womanly curves. She was decidedly the belle of the evening, and it was only by much skilful manœuvring that she had been able to gain this quiet retreat for a few moments.

All at once she caught her breath with a sudden gasp of pain, and placing her hand on her heart to stop its wild beating, leaned forward and peered out.

Yes, it was surely Frank Carleton she saw, though he was much changed. Tall and straight, and browned, with heavy moustache and beard, he looked at least ten years older, and certainly a great deal more handsome and manly, than he had looked five years ago.

"How noble he looks!" Lilian thought, with a sudden thrill. "Oh, how could I misjudge him so by my dark suspicion? And now I have lost him for ever!" And the hot tears of bitter anguish and remorse trickled between her daintily-gloved fingers.

The curtains parted, and Mrs. Roderick Forrest and Frank Carleton stood before her.

"Lillie, love, you thought you would outwit us this time, but you see you have failed, for I knew where you were all the time. Allow me to present——Why, child, are you ill?"

For, white and trembling, our heroine had sunk down, looking like a broken lily.

She had thought she could bear the meeting firmly and calmly, but her strength failed her at the last moment.

When, a few minutes later, she opened her eyes, she found Frank Carleton's arms were about her, and that he was showering kisses on her face.

For a moment she felt as if she could die for very happiness.

"Frank," she whispered,—"oh, Frank, can you forgive me after I have wronged you so deeply?"

"Hush!" he said, "hush, my darling! I have nothing to forgive!"

"She has told me all," she went on—"your sister Maude—how you have loved her, and how much you have helped her while her miserable, drunken husband was alive! And, oh, Frank, I misjudged you so cruelly. I did not know she was your sister."

"Of course you did not," he said, tenderly. "Has not your mistake made us miserable for five long years? Do not mention it again, my darling."

And he stopped her lips with a kiss.

HOME LIFE OF THE CZAR.—The general arrangement of the buildings at Gatchina, besides offering the advantages of accommodation to be found in a large mansion, affords special security for the personal safety of the Emperor, whose apartments are completely isolated and unapproachable except by narrow passages that are strictly guarded.

The ordinary sitting-room of the Czar is a comfortable, but simply furnished apartment. Little elegance or ornament is noticeable. The Czar is an early riser, and the labors of his day commence at nine in the morning. Till 1 o'clock he is occupied in his study receiving the Ministers, who present their weekly or daily reports, and consulting with them over affairs of state. It is especially significant of the policy of the present Czar, that while high officials have often a difficulty in obtaining an interview, his Majesty is always accessible to provincial deputations, which are sometimes composed of wild Khirgis, sometimes of swarthy Kalmuks or skin-clad Samoyedes, and sometimes of illiterate Russian peasants who desire to present a holy picture to their great father, and to express their loyality and devotion to his person. The Emperor receives one and all with a stern dignity which though accompanied in most cases by a certain kindness of manner, always leaves the conviction that Alexander III. feels himself an autocrat, and is determined to yield none of his prerogatives, but to impress on all who approach him that they are in the presence of an absolute, though kindly master.

Although stern and even overbearing to the majority of those who surround him, Alexander III. has always been a sympathizing and affectionate husband and father. At 1 o'clock daily he lunches with his wife and children, and to this meal, none but the closest intimates of his family are ever admitted. After luncheon, if there are no further deputations to receive, or important business to attend to, the Czar goes out walking or driving in company with the Empress or his sons. In the evening, there is often a little music, of which the Empress is as fond as the Emperor, and her Majesty is a good pianist. The Czar retires to bed early, and by 11 o'clock all is silence in the Imperial apartments.

During the daytime the Empress occupies a room on the ground floor, exactly below the Czar's study, with which it communicates directly by a small private staircase. The Czarina's boudoir is elegantly furnished, but in a simple style. The Empress is an admirable manager, both of her time and of everything that pertains to the household duties. The education and care of her children also engross much of her thoughts. Russian is always the language employed by the Imperial family when they are together, but when the boys are with their teachers they speak French and English on alternate days. Six hours a day are devoted to study by the young princes.

Our Young Folks.

WOGGLES' LAURELS.

BY MAJOR.

THE hot summer sun glaring down upon the surface of a quiet pond one sultry day, the leaves on the surrounding trees hung limp and drooping from the heat, birds sat with their beaks open, gasping for breath, the only creatures that appeared to be enjoying themselves were the frogs, who sat comfortably, with their bodies beneath the rather shallow water, and their flat heads and twinkling eyes bobbing about here and there like animated corks.

Finally, old Slimy, the governor of the colony, lazily opened his wide mouth, and gave vent to the rather abrupt proposal:

"Let's do something to amuse ourselves. It is rather slow to sit here all day in this beastly weather. The squirrels had a leaping match last night, and the rabbits a race the day before, and we are quite in the background. Every one will forget us unless we 'do something' soon."

"Let us have a race too," cried Woggles, a nice ugly little frog, who was sitting on the bank near the spot where Slimy was.

"Yes, I have an idea," interrupted Slimy very dogmatically. "We shall have a rowing match, and as many of you as choose can enter the lists. I shall be Judge; and a splendid race we will have among ourselves, I can tell you. Now you can each get a small rod of peat—that is the lightest thing—and use a lily leaf for a paddle. When I have arranged all the details I will let you know. At present I must go to sleep, for my brain has been over-worked, and feels like a furnace."

So saying, the ancient frog majestically dived out of sight of his audience.

"Old tyrant!" muttered Boaster. "If he were not fifteen years of age, and head of the pond, I would make a stand against his despotism. You are all afraid, and I give you fair notice that, as far as winning the race goes, none of you would have a chance against me. I had the privilege of seeing the contest old Slimy mentioned, and I know exactly how to set about it."

"We shall see," shouted Woggles, as he leaped off the bank with a vigorous kick, and turned a somersault into the water; "we shall see."

Being of a very energetic temperament, as soon as he had imbibed a sufficient quantity of water he left the pond on the opposite side, and proceeded in search of a bit of peat whereon to practice his rowing powers.

After a time he got something he thought suitable, and returned to the colony where the chief was talking with his dependents about the race.

"Now," said the latter, "we have arranged all the preliminaries; the race is to come off on the day after to-morrow, the prize is to be a large leaf of the most delicious strawberries, and the competitors are to start from this bank and go right across the pond and back again."

"That is too long a course," drawled Boaster, trying to scratch his nose with his hind foot in a graceful manner, whereby he nearly fell over.

"Hold your tongue sir!" croaked old Slimy. "I have arranged it."

Next day the colony was in a great state of bustle. Some frogs set off to collect the strawberries for the prize: these were the strongest and boldest, as it required great presence of mind, and was a work of considerable danger to rob a garden.

Old Slimy and a chosen band arranged all the places for the race, and told off a number of the darkest colored frogs to act as pickets to the tadpoles, both restraining the restless and excited youngsters from getting into the way, and, also guarding them from the newts, who might be reasonably expected to make a raid when they found the old frogs minds distracted by the amusements going on.

Meantime the competitors chose their boats and settled upon their dress, which Boaster at all events thought the most important part of the affair. Woggles alone privately practised his rowing.

The eventful morning dawned at last, and the number of stagbeetles, lizards, and even hedge-dogs collected was really astonishing (every one said), considering the short notice which had been given of the contest.

Punctually at the appointed time the competitors made their appearance, each escorted by a circle of admiring friends; the weather was warmer than ever, and only six frogs, amongst whom were our friend and Boaster, had been courageous enough to put in an appearance at the starting-post, and Boaster had only been constrained to do so because he could not draw back from the promises he had made when the plan was first proposed.

He had got dressed up in a killing manner, as he thought. Brown and old gold being the fashionable colors, he had placed a helmet, consisting of the larger half of a grouse's egg, upon his head, and a splendid spotted tunic—which was in reality the discarded skin of a viper, and which was confined around his monstrous waist by a very tight belt—adorned his person.

None of the other frogs could make any attempt at disguising him, though they had done their best; all but Woggles, recognizing that the less conspicuous he made his form the better, had contented himself with tying a cool green leaf over his head, for he dreaded the sun, one of the most stringent rules being that none of the frogs were to leave their calls for a moment from the time they reached home, on penalty of forfeiting the prize if they disobeyed.

Woggles cautiously drew his boat from its place of concealment and mounted it. His opponents went to look for theirs, but as they had not taken the precaution of leaving them to dry, they found them heavy with water and hard to move.

There was no time to get others, however and at the sound of a bugle made out of a dandelion stem the racers started, amid a great splashing of lily leaves, hoarse shouts of the police, who wildly struggled to keep the course clear, and flapping of tadpoles, who tried to break through the ranks.

They had hardly given three strokes when five out of six competitors were struggling together in the water.

Like Woggles at his first trial, they all lost their balance, and came to grief amidst the rapturous cheers of the assembled multitude, and of course lost time in righting their boats again.

Then Boaster, determined not to be beaten and disgraced before the eyes of his admirers, worked so hard that his belt broke and his tunic split open (his helmet had been lost at the beginning, when he was first submerged in the water.)

The four other frogs came splashing and panting in the rear; but the race was plainly between Boaster and Woggles, who kept steadily on his course, intent only on reaching the goal.

But the race was really a very long one. Before the frogs reached the distant shore of the pond they had begun to get thirsty, and when they turned to come home, Woggles felt he would never be able to reach the starting-point.

Already his plump body was becoming shrivelled and wrinkled from want of moisture, his long tongue was glued to the back of his throat, and his limbs trembled. Still, however, he worked on bravely and determinedly.

Boaster had by this time nearly overtaken his little rival; and he also feeling the pangs of thirst, coolly overturned his own boat in order to obtain the bath he required without openly breaking the rules; for how could any one say whether the upset was an accident, or whether it was not?

He lost some time, of course, by this manœuvre, but trusted to his agility for overtaking Woggles, who was still patiently laboring along, but with feeble, unsteady strokes.

A few strokes more, and then he passed under a plant of water-weed, and suddenly a shower of cool, refreshing water descended on his parched and burning frame. He glanced up, and on a stem of the plant above him sat a newt, holding in his fore-legs an empty snail-shell, the contents of which he had just that moment poured upon his head. Woggles recognized in him as one whom he had once befriended.

"Go on! Cheer up!" the newt whispered; "there are three of my sisters waiting for you farther on, each ready with another bucket of water. I am sure you will win. Now then don't look behind."

Encouraged by the advice, and still more by the reviving liquid, Woggles plucked up courage and worked on. Gradually Boaster was left farther and farther behind, and when our little friend at last reached the goal in triumph, none of his opponents were within several yards of him.

The frogs who had been accustomed to jeer and laugh at him for his size and shape crowded round him with their congratulations, and many jests were launched at the dilapidated Boaster by his fair friends when he drew up his heavy boat, and after giving it a vicious kick, declared that he would never enter a race again as long as he lived.

CATCHING COLD—Remedies.—The *American Agriculturist* says: A cold may come from damp or chilled feet; from even a slight draft of air blowing through a crack, upon one side or portion of the body and cooling it; from standing near a fire or stove, and heating one side while the other remains comparatively cold; from warmer clothing on one part of the body than on another; from slightly dressing the arms and lower limbs, or leaving them naked; from standing over a hot register; from the chilling evaporation of water or moisture from a portion only of one's clothing; in general, from any cause producing inequality of temperature. The causes of a cold, named, indicate how to avoid one.

Simple remedies will usually remove a cold, if taken promptly, before the congestion has produced serious disorganization. When struck with a sense of chilliness, 15 to 30 drops of Aromatic Spirits of Ammonia, in half a tumbler of water, will often start a uniform circulation all through the body, as this quickly enters the whole blood and is stimulating. Soaking the feet in warm water, gradually adding warmer water as long as it can be borne, draws off the blood from all the rest of the body, and often relieves congestion in any local part. Smart friction upon any part or the whole of the skin surface, or a uniform surface sweating, produces like results. But in these cases, special care must be taken to prevent after-chilling of the feet, or any other part. After the feet heating, wipe dry quickly and cover them warmly. The best remedy we have found for a recent cold is a moderate movement of the bowels with castor oil, or caustic or other mild cathartic magnesia. This produces a flow of fluid, and thus reduces the pressure upon any one congested point, just as drawing off part of the water from a flooded pond relieves pressure upon a weakened dam or embankment. This is to be followed by keeping the body warm and comfortable, and toning it up with good food, or a simple tonic like quinine.

New Orleans ladies complain of the profanity in the streets.

CAPTAIN BEN.

BY EDWARD ARNOLD.

CAPTAIN BEN WINDERMERE trolled out a quaint old ballad much hackneyed now, when with a contented sigh he kept little Di Hudson a prisoner in one corner of the room.

Captain Ben was a sailor bronze-stalwart, and manly with brown locks curling crisply over his handsome head and a pair of laughing, true grey eyes that had won little Di's heart in spite of herself.

Captain Ben was master of the prettiest vessel that sailed about Newheaven.

He was a jovial, clever fellow, full of jokes and laughter, and was said to have plenty of money to spend, with plenty of kisses, to lavish upon the pretty girls of his acquaintance.

As might be surprised, he was an immense favorite, and more than one girl flattered herself with the hope of becoming Mrs. Windermere.

Now, you must not have a bad opinion of my hero, because he was really a good fellow.

He would have indignantly denied any insinuation against his faith and honor.

But he did like the girls, and could no more help smiling and looking softly upon them than the sun can help shining; the trouble was that the feminine portion of Newheaven were too apt to place undue value upon his carelessly admiring words.

Di Hudson was an exception.

Although her heart was thrilling with love for him, she denied the fact persistently, and strove with desperate eagerness to cover her secret, because she lacked faith in his tender and wheedlesome speeches.

They were very poor—Di and her father.

They lived in a little weather-beaten hut down on the shore, and Di wore coarse scant dresses, and thick shoes.

Her father was a fisherman.

The more aristocratic portion—if I may use the term—of the little seaport, living up in the village, rather looked down upon Di.

But she was pretty—oh! so pretty, and bright, and sweet, despite her poor surroundings, that it was no wonder Captain Ben was half wild over her.

There—now I have told you!

Yes, my bold sailor was desperately in love with old Jake Hudson's daughter.

He flirted with every girl in the town, but only brown-faced, hazel-eyed Di Hudson reigned supreme in his heart, and the poor foolish little lass had not guessed at the truth which would have lifted her into the seventh heaven of rapture.

Windermere had dropped in that evening to talk over his last trip from the Bermudas and a terrific thunder-shower had burst over Newheaven, upon which the old fisherman had urged his visitor to spend the night at the cabin—an invitation which the young man was not slow to accept.

The thunder still roared sullenly in the distance, the lightning flashed at longer intervals, but a fierce, driving rain beat against the tiny casements, and upon the cot in roof.

Old Jake had climbed laboriously into the attic to hunt up an old pamphlet containing statistics of foreign and domestic ports, and Captain Ben, left alone with the girl of his choice, had seized the opportunity of making love to her.

As usual Di turned a cold shoulder upon him, but he followed her straight into the corner, keeping her there with outstretched arms, while he sung that old song with a half earnest and half laughing expression in his handsome eyes.

"Now, Ben Windermere, let me go at once. Father is coming, and he'll have no nonsense, I can tell you."

And Di, flushed and desperate, pressed both slim hands against her lover's broad chest to hold him off.

"Well, then give me one little kiss, Di,—just one! You never kissed me in all your life—you proud little thing."

"Why should I?" demanded Di with a scornful lift of the head, as she struggled in vain to meet his laughing imperious gaze coolly.

But the long lashes went down in sudden shame and confusion as he framed her face with his strong brown hands.

"Why shouldn't you—eh? answer me that, my little lass! Why shouldn't you kiss your true lover who cares only for you?"

The girl's only reply was an incredulous curl of her red upper lip, and as the old man's footsteps were heard descending the stairs, Captain Ben swung himself across the room and stood whistling a bar of "Norma Mesbiano," before a little old map of the country, when Hudson entered, while Di was very industriously sewing rags for her next winter's carpet.

Early the following morning Captain Ben left them, but was back again by the afternoon, looking very grave, and a trifle pale through his sun-brown.

There was a curious, resolute gleam, in his grey eyes, and a compression of the handsome mouth under its curling beard.

Captain Ben had looked like that once when he had quelled a mutiny on shipboard, but little Di had never seen him look so, and it frightened her.

She was quite alone, sewing at one of the square windows which overlooked the sea.

A clean white cotton apron with a bib covered her coarse serge dress; and a tiny strip of linen about her shoulder neck was fastened in front with a bit of bright ribbon.

Her brown hair was braided closely about her head, and some stray tendrils were curling about her brow.

Captain Ben came and stood beside her—turning over the bright bits of cloth in her work-basket absently, and speaking not a word for a moment.

At last he swept baskets, work and all unceremoniously aside, and knelt beside the girl's low chair, and taking her face in his hands, forced her to look at him.

"My girl," he said gravely, all the usual laughter and fun gone from the voice, "I am under orders to sail for China. I may not return for two or three years. It will depend upon whether I have a cargo for home. I have come to say good-bye, or—to win your promise to go with me."

There followed a dead silence, broken only by the drowsy buzz of a big fly upon the window-sash, and the lazy wash of the waves upon the shore.

The girl trembled and paled under her lover's touch and look, but she seemed suddenly struck dumb.

Captain Ben bent forward and kissed her quivering lips passionately once or twice, and then stood up.

"Good-bye, my little cold-hearted darling. Ben Windermere'll trouble you no more."

He turned to go.

The spell was broken—the spell that had palsied the girl's tongue.

With a tremulous cry she sprang after him.

"Ben—Ben! Don't leave me! I—I——"

He caught her close to his heart, and her stammering words were smothered against his shoulder.

"What were you about to say, Di?" he queried, coolly, nearly crushing her in his strong embrace, and bending his ear close to the dainty brown head to listen.

"Oh, I do love you, Ben! Take me with you!" she whispered, humbly.

How he did tease her and laugh at her then.

Kissing the sweet face, and the satiny hair, and the small brown hands, and growing more handsome and irresistible every moment in his joy and triumph.

So they were married, and sailed for China, and Di's aunt came to keep house for the old fisherman; and all the Newheaven girls shrugged their shoulders and elevated their noses, and consoled themselves with the trite saying—

"There's as good fish in the sea as ever were caught."

THE HATS OF CELEBRITIES.—Alfred Count d'Orsay had a true feeling for art, for, as a writer tells us in his "Hints on Hats," the Count had, on the occasion of his first interview with him, "fourteen hats lying all ready for wear in his dressing-room." The reason for this number of hats was that d'Orsay's hats varied in dimensions to suit his coats. The hats worn by the great Duke of Wellington had the peculiarity of being very straight, and appearing larger at the crown than at the line of the head, and were very smartly turned up at the brim. The late Lord Harrington, who married a beautiful actress, Miss Foote, also gave his name to a hat, as well as to a rough cloth, styled Petersham. He was an odd character—an amateur tailor, who used to cut out his own servants' overcoats, and who might be seen on a winter's day among the old furniture shops, dressed in striped duck trousers, a pea-jacket of the cloth which has immortalised him, and the hat which he also invented—very broad of crown, and with square cut brim turned up sharply at the sides.

In our own time Lord Westmoreland has figured as a great hat-reformer. Being of a majestic height, he became aware of the nuisance of a tall stovepipe in any close carriage, and set the fashion of wearing the low-crowned hat. It will be recollected that hatters suddenly lowered, not their prices, but their crowns, and that this operation led to the detection of the murderer Muller. Perhaps the Muller trial had a tremendous influence on the Westmoreland hat, as the execution of Mrs. Manning ruined the black satin trade; for hats have grown taller again. The Prince of Wales has given vogue to an improved form of wideawake; but still the stove-pipe holds its own, and the hats of many eminent Britons are wonderful to behold. Eating the extraordinary white, or rather tricolor hat worn by an eccentric Englishman at Paris one year, there is nothing in the world of hats like that worn by Professor Owen, which for flatness of brim and rigidity of crown is unrivalled. It looks as if, like the hats of the Lord Harrington just spoken of, it was made thick and strong enough to bear the test of being stood upon.

Mr. Gladstone wears a hat which always appears old and shapeless, like his gloves which never seem in passing on properly.

The late Lord Beaconsfield expressed nothing in the shape of his hat, but very much in the way he put it on at the end of a discourse. As he sat down, the hat appeared almost to leap from his head by some kind of invisible agency. Around theatres (on that of St. Stephen's, oddly enough) and wherever men do congregate, Mr. Irving, to never, has been cured the fact of getting his hat further down the back of his neck than would be deemed possible just as Lord Hardwicke attained an almost inconceivable pitch of glossiness.

WHAT a flood of reminiscences it brings upon a young man, a kind, thoughtful mornings, while he is hunting anxiously around the bureau for a scrap of powder, to come upon a diary, and to read on the first and only written page, under date of January 1st, "I will never again touch a drop of any intoxicating liquor. I will now use the free from the chance of a hard fight—and so forth. And then he goes grimly, or maybe he doesn't laugh at all, but he keeps on searching for that scratch powder all the same.

Grains of Gold.

Gratitude is the memory of the heart.

What is duty? It is what we exact from others.

Love, faith, patience—the three essentials to a happy life.

Discontent is the want of self-reliance; it is the infirmity of will.

How sorry some people are for faults which they will commit again the next moment.

'Tis expectation makes a blessing dear; Heaven were not Heaven if we knew what it were.

The first half of life is passed in longing for the second, and the second half in regretting the first.

No evil propensity of the human heart is so powerful that it may not be completely subdued by discipline.

Do not lose courage by considering your own imperfections, but instantly set about remedying them.

Wicked men stumble over straws in the way, but stumble over bars in the way to destruction.

Our influence is measured and expressed by our example. We can lead others no farther than we go ourselves.

Those are the Christians who are more careful to reform themselves than to be continually censuring others.

Without labor and seriousness, the best good of the world dies. Wear only the harvest wreath of action.

A good deed is never lost; he who sows courtesy, reaps friendship; and he who plants kindness gathers love.

Our distinctions do not lie in the places which we occupy, but in the grace and dignity with which we fill them.

If a man could be conscious of all that is said of him in his absence, he would become a very modest man, indeed.

Men are never so ridiculous from the qualities which really belong to them, as from those which they pretend to have.

The greater difficulty, the more glory in surmounting it. Skilful pilots gain their reputation from storms and tempests.

Men are never so ridiculous from the qualities which really belong to them, as from those which they pretend to have.

The science of life may be thus epitomized—to know well the price of time, the value of things, and the worth of people.

Fine connections are apt to plunge you into a sea of extravagance, and then not to throw you a rope to save you from drowning.

The worthiest men are most injured by slanders; as we usually find that to be the best fruit which the birds have been picking at.

If you are conscious of certain infirmities of character, select companions in whose society you would be ashamed to give way to them.

Self-respect is the noblest garment with which a man may clothe himself—the most elevating frosting with which the mind can be inspired.

The confession of error is the hardest part of repentance, with the exception of reformation. It is always there the devil makes his strongest fight.

Precept is instruction written in the sand—the tide flows over it and the record is gone. Example is engraven on the rock, and the lesson is not soon lost.

What can be more foolish than to think that all this rare fabric of heaven and earth could come by chance, when all the skill of art is not able to make an oyster!

Wrong-doing is a road that may open fair, but it leads to trouble and danger. Well-doing, however rough and thorny at first, surely leads to pleasant places.

If you hate your enemies, you will contract such a vicious habit of mind as by degrees will break out upon those who are your friends, or those who are indifferent to you.

The blossom cannot tell what becomes of its odor, and no man can tell what becomes of his influence and example, that can away from him and go beyond his ken on their mission.

It has been truly and tenderly said, "Even that perfect petition, the Lord's Prayer, gains something from the fact that every man who repeats it remembers that he learned it at his mother's knee.

The hunchback does not see his own hunch, but he sees clearly the hunch of another hunchback. Therefore, it is as well to know what there is on our own back before we venture to laugh behind the backs of others.

Men's lives should be like the days—more beautiful in the evening; or, like the spring, aglow with promise; and like the autumn, rich with golden sheaves, where good works and deeds have ripened on the field.

Affectation of speech, gesture, or manner is to the world of true politeness and politeness what counterfeit or false coin is to honesty. We must live with people, or be indebted to them for chance to know the effect upon them either of important business or of strong emotion.

A sheep may slip into a slough as well as a swine. The difference is, the sheep dreads a fall, and speedily rises from it; while it is a habit with the swine to be unclean, and to love the same condition the other abhors. There is no need to give the application.

"The Asthma Left Me."

A patient writes: "The Asthma left me after taking your Compound Oxygen about ten days, and I had a few attacks of four or five hours without sitting up in bed. Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, containing large reports and full information, sent free. Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Femininities.

Young ladies are like jellies—as they are moulded, so they will turn out.

For husbands—There are few domestic wrongs inflicted upon the wife by her husband that a sealskin jacket won't heal.

A belle, wishing to be very severe on a rival, said the only thing that wasn't false about her was the hole in her stocking.

The Empress of Austria has set a fashion, already largely followed in Europe, of wearing the hair flowing over the shoulders.

The man who says that woman has never invented anything, should listen for a few minutes at the keyhole of the sewing society.

A new campaign in favor of an English man marrying his deceased wife's sister is about to open on an increased scale in England.

Would you call a wife with a temper a cross stick? Upon second thought perhaps you had better not do so. It might develop a broom-stick, you see.

So great was the desire to see Mrs. Langtry, the professional beauty, on the stage, that some of the audience paid, it is reported, as high as $30 for a stall.

Miss Florence E. Cory, of the New York Woman's Institute for Technical Design, receives four thousand dollars a year for furnishing designs to a carpet factory.

During the ninth waltz, Oscar, pointing to his boots, remarked to Fellciana: "You can't say I have no polish." "No," said she, "but you shine at the wrong end."

A pretty woman generally knows she is pretty, and counts upon the effect her beauty produces on the other sex. Isn't it strange that she seldom knows when she is the other thing.

Mrs. Kelfer, the wife of the Speaker of the House of Representatives, disdains all bangs, crimps, and frizzes, and wears her dark brown hair parted in the middle and smoothed down plainly on each side.

In the street-car: Blonde—"They say Carrie is engaged." Brunette—"Engaged! Why she was married a month ago, and has just sued for a divorce." Blonde—"How very romantic! Isn't it splendid?"

The rule now is for every lady to have her age indicated on her hat-brim. Every inch of width represents three years. A ten-inch brim means that the lady is thirty years old; a twenty-inch brim shows that she is sixty, and so on. It is a charming conceit.

"My dear," said a repentant husband to his wife, "if I have ever used any unkind words to you I will take them back." "No you won't!" exclaimed the wife! "no you won't; I know you. You only want to get them back so's to use 'em all over again."

It is said by jailers that when husbands are incarcerated, no matter what their crimes may have been, they are constantly visited by their wives, while women who are under sentence are very rarely visited by their husbands. Women have more curiosity than men.

Wives ought really to be more careful about telling the truth to their husbands. "Why do you start so whenever I come into the room?" asked a brusque man of his better half. "It is only my nerves my poor nerves," she replied, "which are so very weak that I am startled by every stupid thing I see."

The young lady students at a Presbyterian College, in Ottawa, Canada, learned a few days ago that a poor woman, who obtained a living for herself and children by washing, was laid up in sickness, and the next morning they went to her house, did the washing and ironing for her, and then sent the clothes home.

A Nashville girl, whose parents opposed her marriage to a youth, actually got her father to carry a note to a clergyman, requesting him to marry her at her home at an hour when papa would be away. The minister thought it was all right, as the wedding was "at home," while mamma sat all unconscious in a room overhead.

A missionary in Ceylon writes as a "noticeable fact that where Christian women are married to heathen husbands, generally the influence in the home is Christian; whereas, when a Christian man takes a heathen woman, he usually loses his Christian character, and the influences of the household are on the side of heathenism.

A young lady who lies abed in the morning until nine o'clock, and devotes the remainder of the day to dressing, novel-reading, worrying a piano and shopping, almost fainted when an agent of the gallant gender called at her house, and asked her to subscribe for the Woman at Work. When sufficiently recovered, she told the agent that he would find the woman at work in the kitchen, and he would have to go round the back way.

A widow who works in a shop in Bridgeport, Conn., recently received the insurance on her husband's life. Safe investments are not found in every corner, but the widow knew what she wanted and how to get it. She offered an inducement of $10, cash down, and a gold watch and chain for a husband, whom she secured and married the same day. Before long she will be giving the rest of the money to some lawyer to procure her a divorce.

A Canada backwoodsman promised to send the minister fifty pounds of maple sugar for marrying him. Time passed, and no maple sugar arrived to sweeten the minister's breakfast. Some months later he met the husband, and ventured to remind him: "My friend, you did not send me the maple sugar you promised." With a saddened countenance, he looked up and replied: "To tell you the truth, governor, she ain't worth it."

A St. Louis society girl, who died a few days ago, was found to have been married for three years, although no one except the man and the minister concerned had ever suspected the fact. Her father, named Robbins, is a rich old curmudgeon and an invalid, who opposed all matrimonial projects whatever, but the girl finally secured the old chap's pet doctor and, as the latter lived in the house for the greater convenience of his patient, the twain were secretly married, and lived as cosy and happy as could be.

News Notes.

Picture-galleries are increasing in number in London.

A Cincinnati factory moulds eleven miles of candles a day.

Pittsburg shipped 3,988,000 bushels of coal in one day recently.

It is a fact that silk and sponge scarcely differ in composition.

The Sultan of Turkey proposes to restore the Temple of Jerusalem.

There are now 945 postoffices in Maine. In 1775 there were only three.

The Duke of Devonshire and the Earl of Leicester are fond of skating.

Alligator-teeth, in Georgia and Florida, are purchased at $2.50 a pound.

The crop of American honey for 1881 is estimated at 120,000,000 pounds.

Wine making is considered the most profitable form of the grape business.

It is now stated that the correct list of deaths at the Vienna theatre is 736.

A cow at Sharon, Mass., attacked an old lady lately, and fatally injured her.

The scientists announce that the sun will be dead and cold in 17,000,000 years.

Iowa sheep owners hope to get a law this winter directing a general slaughter of dogs.

The Italian Senate has passed a bill extending the elective franchise to all who can read and write.

There are 7,000 American students in Germany, and they spend, it is estimated, $4,500,000 annually.

The Cincinnati Inquirer reports the highest speed made in cancelling letter-stamping to be 240 a minute.

The farmers of England complain of American competition in cheese as damaging their trade in that line.

Silk culture in Louisiana has of late become a thriving industry, and to-day promises an abundant production.

Prof. Schlager, of Vienna, is responsible for the statement that blue light has a quieting and soothing influence on the insane.

A man put his head and some stones into a bag at Constantine, Mich., tied the open end closely around his neck and leaped into a pond.

A Detroit dentist has just extracted the aching tooth of a black and tan terrier and cut off some troublesome teeth of a pet squirrel.

There are two Congressmen now serving who commenced life as pages in the national House, and a Senator whose start in life was as a page in the Senate.

The pine forests discovered lately in the Province of Ontario are estimated to yield 24,000,000,000 feet of fine timber, which can easily be brought to market.

The telegraph was first exhibited in New York forty-one years ago. At the present time the Western Union operates 35,000 miles of wire in the United States.

At the Spanish Court the favorite language is German, in deference to the Queen, but the King talks German, Spanish, French and English with almost equal ease.

If we are to have twenty-two snow storms this winter, as has been predicted, it is about time they commenced, otherwise they will be too much crowded together.

St. Catherine, the patron saint of old maids, is annually commemorated on November 25 in Brussels by a spinster's society of 400 members. Paris has a similar society.

The wearing of costly jewelry, except on rare occasions, is likely, it is said, to go out of fashion in London for the present, as people are afraid to keep it in their houses.

A black walnut grove that was planted by a Wisconsin farmer twenty years ago on some waste land was recently sold for $27,000. The trees are now from sixteen to twenty inches through.

A watchmaker opened a shop at Lehigh, Iowa, and repaired watches as such an astonishingly cheap rate that over a hundred were soon on his bench. Then he packed them in his trunk and travelled on.

A Boston lady who has a gymnasium for girls, cures curvature of the spine by piling bean bags on the heads of the patients, and having the latter walk round the room so straight as not to drop them.

A terrapin was seen devouring a rabbit in Spotsylvania county, Va., last week. The rabbit was held fast till the head was eaten off, and then the terrapin began on the legs. Several persons witnessed the strange sight.

A wedding in a little Wisconsin town the other day yielded eleven stabs in the body of one man cut on the arm of his wife which nearly took her hand off, and a stab in the shoulder and a broken collar-bone for another woman.

A petrified alligator is said to have been found embedded in solid rock, 20 feet under ground, in a quarry two miles from Saratoga Springs. It is 8 feet 7 inches in length, and measures, two feet back of the head, 9 inches in diameter.

It was proposed to turn the California Penitentiary into a tannery, but as it appeared that such a move would seriously interfere with the business of regular leather manufacturers, the convicts are to be employed in making jute bagging, which has been imported.

It Seems Impossible

That a remedy made of such common, simple plants as Hops, Buchu, Mandrake, Dandelion, &c., should make so many and such great cures as Hop Bitters do; but when old and young, rich and poor, pastor and doctor, lawyer and editor, all testify to having been cured by them, you must believe and try them yourself, and doubt no longer.

HEALTH IS WEALTH.

HEALTH OF BODY IS WEALTH OF MIND.

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

Pure blood makes sound flesh, strong bone and a clear skin. If you would have your flesh firm, your bones sound without caries, and your complexion fair use RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body—QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE and PERMANENT in its treatment and cure.

No matter by what name the complaint may be designated, whether it be Scrofula, Consumption, Syphilis, Ulcers, Sores, Tumors, Boils, Erysipelas, or Salt Rheum, disease of the Lungs, Kidneys, Bladder, Womb, Skin, Liver, Stomach, or Bowels, either [illegible] is unhealthy, the process of repair [illegible]

The Sarsaparillian Resolvent not only is a [illegible] Sores and Ulcers soon cured. Persons suffering from Scrofula, Eruptive Diseases of the Face, Mouth, Ears, Legs, Throat and Glands that have accumulated and spread, either from uncured diseases or mercury, or from the use of Corrosive Sublimate, may rely upon a cure if the Sarsaparillian is continued a sufficient time to make its impression on the system.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicines than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. **One Dollar Per Bottle.**

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.

ONE 50 CENT BOTTLE

WILL CURE MORE COMPLAINTS AND PREVENT THE SYSTEM AGAINST SUDDEN ATTACKS OF EPIDEMICS AND CONTAGIOUS DISEASES THAN ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS EXPENDED FOR OTHER MEDICINES OR MEDICAL ATTENDANCE.

THE MOMENT RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS APPLIED EXTERNALLY OR TAKEN INTERNALLY, ACCORDING TO DIRECTIONS—PAIN, FROM WHATEVER CAUSE, CEASES TO EXIST.

In all cases where pain or discomfort is experienced, or if seized with [illegible] Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Mumps, Bad Colds, [illegible] Bilious Colic, Inflammation of the [illegible] Stomach, Bowels, Liver, Kidneys, or with [illegible] Ague, or with Neuralgia, Headache, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Pain in the Back or [illegible], or with Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, [illegible], or with Strains, Cramps or Spasms, or applied [illegible] RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will [illegible] one of the worst of these complaints in a few hours.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a perfect cure. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

[illegible] Organs; Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fullness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering of the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price, 25 Cents Per Box.

We repeat that the reader must consult our books [illegible] cases can find a cure, among which may be named

"Truths and Tests,"
"Radway on Irritable Urethra,"
"Radway on Scrofula,"

and others relating to different classes of Diseases.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

READ "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to RADWAY & CO., No. 55 Warren Street, New York.

Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.

There can be no better guarantee of the value of DR. RADWAY'S old established R. R. R. REMEDIES than the base and worthless imitations of them, as there are False Resolvents, Reliefs and Pills. Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

NERVOUS DEBILITY

Mental Weakness and Prostration, from overwork or [illegible] is radically and promptly cured by [illegible]

They in use 17 years and is the most successful remedy known. Invaluable in all stages of [illegible]

Humphreys' Homeopathic Medicine Co.
109 Fulton Street, New York

WE WILL SEND Without Charge

[illegible] Rules and Regulations, Showing the Secret Movements of Masons, Money Passes, Rubber Caps, Lecture, etc., [illegible] any address on receipt of 6 cts. Address stamps taken.

THE BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG CO.
Box 5488 N. Phila., or, 409 Broadway, N. Y.

AND NOW DON'T GET THE OLD WASHBOILER MENDED, but Next Wash-Day Put Aside All Little Notions and Prejudices,
And Give One Trial to The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes;

☞ And remember, this Advertisement would not be inserted in this paper if there was any humbug about it. ☜

☞ After getting the opinion of noted housekeepers it was decided to adopt what is probably the most liberal proposition ever made to the public. When a lady sees that it is to her interest to try the Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes, and cannot find the Soap at the store where she resides, she can get a cake by mail ONLY on the following FIVE conditions (persons who do not comply with all FIVE of these conditions must not expect any notice to be taken of their letters):

Make your promises VERY PLAIN, or the Soap will NOT be sent.

First—Inclose the retail price—10 cents—in money or stamps.
Second—Say in her letter that she saw the advertisement in the SATURDAY EVENING POST.
Third—Promise that the Soap shall be used on the whole of a regular family wash.
Fourth—Promise that the person sending will personally see that every little direction shall be strictly followed.
Fifth—Only One Cake of Soap must be sent for—it being a very expensive matter to send even one Cake.

Now, in return, the lady will get a regular ten-cent cake of Soap. To make it carry safely it will be put in a metal envelope that costs six cents; and fifteen cents in postage stamps will be put on; it will be enough to do a large wash, and there will be no excuse for any lady reader of the SATURDAY EVENING POST not doing away with all her wash-day troubles.

GENTLEMEN ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND FOR THE SOAP UNTIL THEIR WIVES HAVE PROMISED TO FAITHFULLY COMPLY WITH EVERY REQUIREMENT.

The Frank Siddalls Improved Way of Washing Clothes

Easy and Ladylike; Sensible Persons Follow These Rules Exactly, or Don't Buy the Soap.

The Soap Washes Freely in Hard Water. Don't Use Soda or Lye. Don't Use Borax or Ammonia. Don't Use Anything but THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP.

A WASHBOILER MUST NOT BE USED; NOT EVEN TO HEAT THE WASH-WATER.

Don't try the Soap on part of the Wash, but use it on the whole Wash, no matter how dirty. It answers for the finest Laces and Lace Curtains, Calico, fine Lawns, Woollens, Blankets, Flannels, etc., and also for the most Soiled Clothing of Butchers, Printers, Blacksmiths, Painters, Laborers, Mechanics, Mill Hands and Farmers.

Heat the wash-water in the tea-kettle; the wash-water should only be lukewarm, and consequently a tea-kettle will answer for even a large wash. Be sure to try the tea-kettle the first time, no matter how odd it may seem.

A wash-boiler which stands unused several days at a time will have a deposit formed on it from the atmosphere, in spite of the most careful housekeeper, which injures some delicate ingredients that are in this Soap. ALWAYS USE LUKEWARM WATER. NEVER USE VERY HOT WATER, and wash the white flannels with the other white pieces. The less water that the clothes are put to soak in the better will be the result with the Frank Siddalls Soap.

FIRST.—Cut the Soap in half—it will go further. Dip one of the articles to be washed in the tub of water. Draw it out on the wash-board and rub on the Soap lightly, not missing any soiled places. Then roll the article in a tight roll, just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing, and lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and so on until all the pieces have the Soap rubbed on them and are rolled up. Then go away for twenty minutes to one hour—by the clock—(*a full hour is the best*) and let the Soap do its work.

NEXT.—After soaking the full time commence by rubbing the clothes lightly on the wash-board, and all the dirt will drop out; turn the clothes inside out so as to get at the seams, but DON'T use any more Soap; DON'T scald or boil a single piece, or they will turn yellow; and DON'T wash through TWO suds. If the wash-water gets entirely too dirty dip some of it out and add a little clean water. Never rub hard, or the dirt will be rubbed in—but rub lightly and the dirt will drop out. All dirt can be readily got out in ONE suds; if a streak is hard to wash soap it again and throw back in the suds for a few minutes—*but don't keep the soap on the wash board, nor lying in the water, or it will waste.* ☞ Do not expect this Soap to wash out stains that are SET by the old way of washing although it will often do so. For unusual STAINS, hard to remove, rub more soap on and expose to the hot sun in Summer or freezing weather in Winter. If at any time the wash-water gets too cold to be comfortable add enough water out of the tea-kettle to warm it. Should there be too much lather use less Soap next time; if not lather enough, use more Soap.

NEXT comes the Rinsing—which is also to be done in lukewarm water, and is for the purpose of getting the dirty suds out, and is done as follows: Wash each piece lightly on the wash board through the rinse-water (without using any more Soap), and see that all the dirty suds are got out. Any smart Housekeeper will know just how to do this.

NEXT, the blue-water, which can be either lukewarm or cold. Use scarcely any bluing, for this Soap takes the place of bluing. Stir a piece of the Soap in the blue-water until the water gets decidedly soapy. Put the clothes through this soapy blue-water, wring them *and hang them out to dry without any more rinsing and without scalding or boiling a single piece, no matter how soiled any of the pieces may be.*

STAINS that cannot be removed by The Frank Siddalls Soap and The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing, cannot be removed by any other soap or any washing mixture, nor by scalding or boiling.

ALWAYS make the blue-water soapy, *and the less bluing the better;* there will always be more or less of a scum on the blue-water. *Do not skim this off.* The clothes when dry will *not* smell of the Soap, but will smell as sweet as new, and will iron the easier, and will dry as white and sweet in-doors as out in the air, and the clothes will look whiter the oftener they are washed this way. Afterward wash the colored pieces and colored flannels the same way as the other pieces. It is not a clean way to soak clothes over night. Such long soaking sets dirt and makes the clothes harder to wash. ☞ The starched pieces are to be starched exactly the same way as usual, *except that a small piece of the Soap dissolved in the starch is a wonderful improvement and also makes the pieces iron much easier.*

Where clothes have to lie over-night, on account of bad drying weather, where it is not convenient to dry them in-doors, they should be washed clean exactly by the above directions, then washed through a lukewarm rinse-water exactly by the above directions, so as to get the dirty suds out, *and then thrown into a tub of clean water made quite soapy,* to stand over night; next morning wring them out of that water and put through a soapy blue-water (which can either be lukewarm or cold), and out on the line.

Don't forget to try the Frank Siddalls Soap for the Toilet, the Bath, and for Shaving. It agrees with the skin of the most delicate infant. Always leave plenty of lather on the skin. Infants washed in this way will not get prickly heat and eruptions and sores which other soap often causes. Even a person of ordinary intelligence will know for certain that the long-continued use of a soap that is excellent for washing children cannot possibly injure delicate articles washed with it, no matter how quickly it may remove dirt.

The Frank Siddalls Soap is excellent for Washing Mirrors, Window Glass, Car Windows, and all kinds of Glass Vessels; also for Washing Milk Utensils, and for Removing the Smell from the Hands after Milking. When used for washing dishes it leaves the dishcloth splendid and clean, and the dishcloth never requires scalding. Where Water is scarce, or has to be carried far, it is well to know that a few Buckets of Water will answer for doing a large Wash when the Frank Siddalls Soap is used according to Directions.

If the place you deal with will not buy the Soap to accommodate you, or you think you are being overcharged for the Soap, try some other dealer, or write to our office, and—

Address all Letters: OFFICE OF THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP, 718 CALLOWHILL STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

AND NOW KICK AWAY THE OLD WASH-BOILER. Remember that Prejudice is a Sign of Ignorance.

In New York the Frank Siddalls Soap is sold by such Wholesale Houses as Williams & Potter, Francis H. Leggett & Co, Burkhalter, Masten & Co., Woodruff, Spencer & Stout, Adams & Howe, Mahnken & Moorhouse, Austin, Nichols & Co., Wright, Knox & Depew, and others, and by many Retail Grocers in New York and Brooklyn; is sold in Philadelphia by every Wholesale and Retail Grocer, and rapidly growing to be the most popular Soap in the United States.

SUITS.

See the lawyer as he stands
Moving jaws and waving hands,
Telling lies he understands,
Pressing hard his suit.

See the tailor with a coat,
Like all tailors poorly dressed,
Ironing coat, pants and vest—
Pressing of his suit.

Mark the lover while he kneels;
Tell the thrilling throb he feels;
Hear the nonsense he reveals—
Pressing of his suit.

Lawyers' suits may be amended,
Tailors' suits may be remodeled,
Lovers' suits may be rejected,
When the suits don't suit.

—H. C. DODGE.

Facetiæ.

In a discussion with a temperance lecturer, a toper asked, "If water rots your boots what effect must it have on the coat of your stomach?"

There is a great demand for servant girls in Manitoba. Every housekeeper will immediately call to mind one or more that she would like to send there.

"Housekeeper".—We do not know why plum-pudding was so named, unless it was because it contains everything, from dirt to nightmare, except plums.

If a two-wheeled vehicle is a bicycle, and and a three-wheeled a tricycle, it does not follow that the one-wheeled is an icicle. It is simply a wheelbarrow.

In accordance with the facts: A party of San Juan ranchers made a tender of an Apache Indian, and the coroner's jury returned a verdict of "overcome by the heat."

Dr. Day advertises the loss of his dog; Brown hopes he will succeed in finding him; for, if "every dog has his day," he does not see why every Day should not have his dog.

A brother arose in a weekly prayer-meeting in New Jersey, and said, "Brethren, when I consider the shortness of life, I feel I might be taken away suddenly, like a thief in the night."

The following advertisement appeared lately: "Made their escape—a husband's affections. They disappeared immediately on seeing his wife with her face and hands unwashed at breakfast.

Some men are inconsistent creatures. They will get up in the middle of the night and throw their boots at a dog because he is howling, and the next night pay five dollars a seat to hear an Italian opera.

"The Lord loveth a cheerful giver," but there's no use chucking a copper cent into a contribution-box loud enough to make the folks on the back seat think the communion service had tumbled off the altar.

A St. Louis man who dreamed that he was being scalped by Indians, awoke to find that his wife, who had dreamed that she was superintendent of an orphan asylum, was drawing him out of the bed by the hair.

One by one the beautiful legends of the world are falling into nonentities. It is now said there is no race of pallid men in Bornoh. Perhaps they don't put the premium lists high enough, and the men wouldn't race.

Mary Jane wants a recipe for preserving the hair. Certainly. Use white sugar, "pound for pound," and enough water to make a heavy syrup, add the hair, and four ounces oleomargarine, boil, strain, and put up in glass or stone jars.

A philosophical bookseller saying that every phase of humanity represented some kind of a book, was asked what kind of a publication a baby represented. "A baby," replied he, "is a primer of humanity, bound in morocco."

"I always did like the character of St. Paul," said a boarding-house keeper, "for he once said, you know, that we must eat what is set before us, and ask no questions for conscience's sake. I always thought I should like him for a boarder."

Thousands of young men in this country would become millionaires if they could accomplish it by standing on the corners with their hands in their pockets, spitting tobacco-juice on the walks and making themselves both unornamental and unobnoxious.

Scene in a recitation-room: "The ancient Egyptians were in the habit of mortifying red-headed girls to the devil." Auburn-haired student—"What did they do with the red-headed boys?" Professor—"Why, they supposed they would go of their own accord."

"Yes," said the Denver editor, "I think I must have got out a very readable paper this morning. I've been licked by three prominent citizens today, another chased me with dogs and a gun, and the police had an awful job to keep the citizens from wrecking my office."

Write to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for names of ladies that have been restored to perfect health by the use of her Vegetable Compound. It is a positive cure for the most stubborn cases of female weakness.

The young milkman and his betrothed stood before the registrar of marriages. "Do you take this milk-sheik to this man for butter or for worse?" the official inquired. The girl said it never occurred to her before, but she supposed she would if that was the only way.

A hen is most inconsiderate and unaccountable. Now that she can lay eggs worth three cents apiece, she takes a vacation, and refuses to have anything at all to do with business. By-and-by, when chicken-feed are down to 25 cents a dozen, she will put on extra help, and even work nights to flood the market. The hen is no fraudulent.

My Good Woman,

Why are you so out of sorts, never able to tell folks that you are well? Ten to one it's all caused in the first place by habitual constipation, which no doubt finally caused deranged kidneys and liver. The sure cure for constipation is the celebrated Kidney-Wort. It is also a specific remedy for all kidney and liver diseases. Thousands are cured by it every month. Try it at once.—Toledo Blade.

A chiquis machine, indispensable to the farmer or poultry-raiser, is the Frank Wilson five-dollar bone and shell-grinding mill, advertised on this page. The high value of bone-meal and shell is everywhere recognized by progressive agriculturists, and nothing has ever been devised which for simplicity, cheapness and good work, can be compared to this mill. Send for illustrated catalogue.

Those of our readers who have not yet sent for a cake of The Frank Siddall's Soap had better do so before the remarkably liberal offer is withdrawn. The Frank Siddall's Soap is destined to have an immense sale, and as we understand it is in contemplation to establish agencies for its sale all over the United States, our readers who desire to aid in the introduction of what is one of the most remarkable inventions of modern science, would do well to avail themselves of the offer. Persons must not send for more than one cake, and when sending for a cake must not send for any of their friends, the rule being that the one who wants the Soap must send for it.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS

The name of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is heard in every dwelling, it finds a place in every household, and its praises are sounded throughout the whole Western Hemisphere, as a general invigorant, a cure for sick headache, a specific for flatulency and sour stomach, an appetizing stomachic, an excellent blood depurent, and certain remedy for intermittent fever and kindred diseases.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

ACTS AT THE SAME TIME ON KIDNEYS, LIVER and BOWELS.

HAS BEEN PROVED

by thousands and tens of thousands all over the country to be the SUREST CURE ever discovered for all

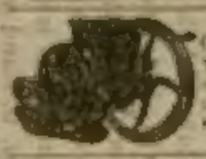
KIDNEY DISEASES.

Does a lame back or disordered urine indicate that you are a victim? THEN DO NOT HESITATE, use Kidney-Wort at once, (every druggist will recommend it) and it will speedily overcome the disease and restore healthy action.

Incontinence or retention of Urine, brick dust or ropy deposits, and dull dragging pains all speedily yield to its curative power.

PRICE $1. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

KIDNEY-WORT

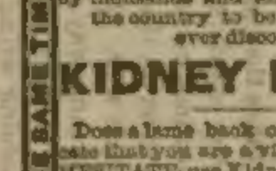


Grind your own Bone Meal and Oyster Shells in the $5.00 HAND MILL (Frank Wilson's Pat.) Ill. circular and testimonials furnished on application. A peck in 15 minutes. Address WILSON BROS., Sole Manufacturers, Easton, Pa.

Census of the United States Free!

We will send a complete census of the United States by counties for 1880, a map of the United States, and a list of all cities in the United States having over 10,000 inhabitants, on receipt of stamp to pay postage. We have 100,000 of them to give away. Address

RENNER MANUFACTURING CO.,
117 Smithfield St., Pittsburgh, Pa.



THE DIAMOND DYES.

are the Simplest, Cheapest, Strongest and most brilliant Dyes ever made. One 10 cent package will color more goods than any 15 or 25 ct. dye ever sold. 24 popular colors. Any one can color any fabric or fancy article. Send for any color wanted and be convinced. Set of fancy cards, samples of ink and 1 p'k'g. dye, all mailed for 10 cents. WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

The Best Seeds at Lowest Prices!

ROGERS' GARDEN, FIELD & FLOWER seeds are always Fresh, Genuine and Reliable. *ROGERS' Garden Manual and Illustrated Catalogue*, (published January 1st.) containing 50 pages useful information to farmers and gardeners *free* on application. *C. N. ROGERS, Seed Warehouse, No. 121 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa.*

FREE. 100 SELECTIONS for autograph Albums, 1 pk Transparent Cards, 1 pk Fun Cards, 1 pk Escort Cards, 1 pk Flirtation Cards, Language of Flowers, 6 Action Pictures, 1 Star Puzzle, 2 Chemical Puzzles, and an eight-page literary paper on trial 3 months. All the above sent on receipt of 15c. in stamps to cover postage, &c. Address RENDALL & Co., Boston, Mass.

Agents wanted. $5 a Day made selling our NEW HOUSEHOLD ARTICLES and FAMILY SCALE. Weighs up to 25 lbs. Sells at $1.50. DOMESTIC SCALE Co., Cincinnati, O.

A SENSATION

Has often been made by the discovery of some new thing, but nothing has ever stood the test like Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills; their popularity and sale is unprecedented.

They supply a need long felt, and must become a household remedy. Just think—to be cured in a few weeks of those terrible nervous troubles and awful suffering from Sick Headache, Neuralgia, and Dyspepsia, and the nervous system put in a natural and healthy condition, destroying the Possibility of Paralysis, Angina Pectoris, and sudden death, which is carrying off so many noble men and women in the full tide of life and usefulness.

This simple remedy of Extract of Celery Seed and Chamomile Flowers, combined in the form of pills, is a boon to humanity. It has saved the lives of thousands of nervous, headaching children in our schools and out every year. No nervous person or sufferer from Headache, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, or Paralysis will do themselves justice until they try them.

Sold by all druggists. Price, 50 cents a box. Depot, 106 North Eutaw St., Baltimore, Md. By mail, two boxes for $1.00, or six boxes for $2.50, to any address.

DR. C. W. BENSON'S

SKIN CURE

DR. BENSON'S NEW REMEDY

Is Warranted to Cure

ECZEMA, TETTERS, HUMORS, INFLAMMATION, MILK CRUST, ALL ROUGH SCALY ERUPTIONS, DISEASES OF HAIR AND SCALP, SCROFULA ULCERS, PIMPLES and TENDER ITCHINGS on all parts of the body. It makes the skin white, soft and smooth; removes tan and freckles, and is the BEST toilet dressing in THE WORLD. Elegantly put up, two bottles in one package, consisting of both internal and external treatment.

DR. BENSON'S NEW REMEDY AND PATIENTS PRESCRIPTION

All first class druggists have it. Price $1. per package.

Thirty-Second Annual Statement OF THE AMERICAN Life Insurance Company OF PHILADELPHIA, For the Year Ending December 31, 1881.

INCOME.

Premiums received during the year	$259,787 20
Interest received from Investments, Rents, etc.	196,338 36
	$456,122 02

DISBURSEMENTS.

Life losses paid	$235,869 00
Endowment and Annuities paid	18,206 00
Traveling Agents and Commissions	12,520 71
Salaries and Medical Examinations	18,725 00
Taxes, Licenses, and Legal expenses	17,477 03
Printing, Advertising, Stamps, etc.	11,496 15
Surrendered and Canceled Policies, Dividends and Notes voided by lapse policies	229,763 17
	$324,227 86

ASSETS JANUARY 1, 1882.

Mortgages upon Real Estate	$ 813,229 03
Stocks and Bonds	1,035,088 00
Real Estate, Office and Properties bought to secure loans	772,639 84
Loans on Collateral amply secured	211,110 00
Premium Notes secured by Policies	237,699 16
Net deferred and unreported Premiums	13,470 87
Cash on hand and in Banks	61,238 94
Accrued Interest to January 1	37,452 13
	$3,266,658 72

LIABILITIES.

Reinsurance reserve at 4½ per cent	$2,389,178 00
Death Claims not yet due	62,239 00
Funds held in Trust	85,541 38
Net premiums paid in advance	2,493 40
	$2,539,638 78
Surplus as to Policyholders	726,322 94
	$3,266,958 72
Number of Policies in force	4,295
Amount of Risk	$8,867,223 00

DETAILED STATEMENT OF BONDS AND STOCKS.

$200,000	State of Pennsylvania 6s, 3d series	113
275,000	Reading Iron Works 6s	1,035,088
125,000	Bridesburg Manufacturing Company 6s	
100,000	Camden & Atlantic Railroad Bonds, 6s	
50,000	Philadelphia & Erie Railroad Bonds, 6s	
25,000	Jersey City (N. J.) Water Bonds, 7s	
20,000	City of Columbus, Ohio, 6s	
25,000	Rochester City, (N. Y.) Water Bonds, 7s	
15,000	City of Cape May, (N. J.) Bonds, 7s	
10,000	Williamsport, (Pa.) Water Bonds, 6s	
10,000	Town of Bence, (Ills.) 10s	
7,000	Town of Eagle (Ills.) 10s	
4,000	Pennsylvania Company Bonds, 6s	
800	Shares Pennsylvania Railroad	
617	Shares Camden & Atlantic Railroad, preferred	
881	Shares Corn Exchange National Bank	
100	Shares Merchants' National Bank	
100	Shares Union National Bank	
100	Shares Commercial National Bank	
25	Shares Consolidation National Bank	
4	Shares Military Academy, Chester, Pa	

COST VALUE MARKET VALUE

GEORGE W. HILL, President.
JOHN S. WILSON, Sec'y and Treas.

DO YOUR OWN PRINTING

Presses and outfits from $5 to $500. Over 2,000 styles of type. Catalogue and reduced price list free.

H. HOOVER, Phila., Pa.

A STARTLING SENSATION!

Nature's Last Secret!

Another Revolution!

Of interest to every reader of this paper, who appreciates merit, beauty and sterling value.

In all ages diamonds have been esteemed the most precious among precious stones. Modern invention, however, has just produced an imitation so marvelously perfect that expert jewelers fail to detect the difference. Why pay a fabulous price for a diamond when a perfect substitute can be had for nothing? The new diamonds are worn universally in Europe, and their reputation is being rapidly established here.

The imitations are called Diamante Brilliants, they are perfect gems, and all set in SOLID GOLD. They are mounted, will wear and look like genuine diamonds. The best judges fail to detect the imitation from the real; they are produced chemically—are worn in the best society and are really the only perfect substitute ever produced, as they possess all the purity, brilliancy and penetrating lustre peculiar to *old mine diamonds of the first water*. We are sending out hundreds of them daily, and could fill a volume with the candid expressions of surprise and delight of recipients, from Maine to California. The illustration below gives an accurate outline of the style of setting the

We use but two sizes of Diamante Brilliants—the earrings and ring, each 1-karat stone, the usual 2-karats. They are not dollar-store goods, but are sold in Philadelphia for $5 to $15 each.

We don't sell Diamante Brilliants, but use them as a Premium for the Post. We are confident to secure the large subscription list in the country; and we propose to work for it, spend money for it, and use every honorable means to obtain our object. With such expensive premiums we lose money on the up-start year's subscriptions; and if we fail to do all we promise and give a premium which does not meet or exceed the expectations of our readers, our work is thrown away, and next year we can't expect to find you a member of the Post family.

We have studied the premium problem thoroughly, and we offer our Diamante Brilliant Premiums, confidently believing that subscribers who receive them will not only help to get others, but continue our patrons for many years. The new diamonds cost more money and are worth more than any premium ever offered before, for every subscriber is really getting

TEN DOLLARS FOR NOTHING.

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Our Offer.—On receipt of three dollars we agree to send The Saturday Evening Post one year—52 times, and any one of the Diamante Brilliants.

We warrant them to be solid gold (neither rolled gold nor plated), and guarantee their prompt and safe delivery. A club of two subscribers to The Post, one year, accompanied by $4, entitles the sender to either the Ring, Stud, or Earrings, Free. A club of three, one year, and $6, entitles the sender to any two of the three premiums, free. A club of four, one year, and $8, entitles the sender to the Ring, Stud, and Earrings, Free; or for $4, we will extend your subscription two years, and send either Ring, Stud, or Earrings as a premium, free. For $6, will extend subscription three years, and forward any two of the articles as a premium. For $8, will extend subscription four years, and send all three premiums, free. Club subscribers receive any one premium by sending $3 instead of $4. All premiums sent by registered mail. Postage on paper and premiums prepaid in every case. Note.—If the premiums are not as represented in every particular, return them at once, and we will return your money promptly. The Premiums may be sent to one address and the paper to another.

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Gentlemen—Your Hop Bitters have been of great value to me. I was laid up with typhoid fever for over two months, and could get no relief until I tried your Hop Bitters. To those suffering from debility, or any one in feeble health, I cordially recommend them. J. C. STORTZEL,
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It is better to be up with the lark than down with the measles.

What will probably be the last language spoken on earth? The Finnish.

GET RID OF ONE COLD before you contract another on top of it, or you may securely establish the seeds of a serious Lung Complaint before you are conscious of danger. Better prudently resort to Dr. Sayne's Expectorant, an effective cure for Coughs and Colds, and helpful also for its healing influence on the Lungs and Bronchial Tubes.

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Dr. C. W. Benson, of Baltimore, Md., prepares a skin cure that is the best thing for skin diseases ever known. It cures eczema, tetter, ringworm, and all rough and scaly skin diseases in the shortest time. Sold by all druggists at $1.00 per package.

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"I know where the dark goes when morning comes," said little Clare. "It goes down cellar—it's dark there all day."

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There is but a very small proportion of the women of this nation that do not suffer from some of the diseases for which Kidney-Wort is specific. When the bowels have become costive, headache tormenta, kidneys out of fix, or piles distress, take a package and its wonderful tonic and renovating power will cure you and give new life.—Watchman.

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That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

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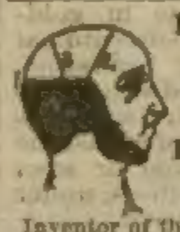

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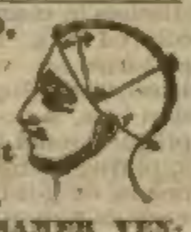

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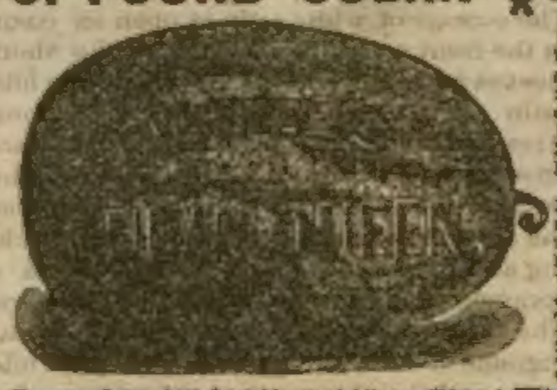

This new Melon from the West Indies is certainly **The Largest and Finest Variety** in the world. Flesh, bright red, remarkably *solid, luscious, crisp* and *sugary*—far surpassing all others, and on a Melon of enormous size there is barely half an inch rind! The first prize Melon the past dry season weighed **81 Pounds.** We offer **$50.00 IN CASH PRIZES FOR 1882** for the three largest Melons grown from our Seed. Do not fail to try and see how large the Cuban Queen can be grown.

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A REMARKABLE OFFER! The above **12 packets** of the choicest and **New Vegetables** at our catalogue prices are **worth $1.15,** but we will send the entire collection, by mail, post-paid, to any address, for **ONLY 50 CENTS,** or 5 collections for $2.00. Our Seeds are all **Warranted First-Class,** unrivalled in *quality,* and this remarkable offer is made to induce thousands of new customers to give them **a fair trial.**

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12 See That My Grave's Kept Green.	139 Coming Thro' the Rye.	212 Farmer's Daughter; or Chickens
13 Grandfather's Clock.	141 Meet Me, There, Meet as Strangers	213 Old Dan Golden Slippers.
18 Where Was Moses when the Light	148 The Kiss Behind the Door.	216 Poor, but a Gentleman Still.
24 Sweet By and By. [went Out.	149 I'll Remember You, Love, in My Prayers.	219 Nobody's Darling but Mine.
28 When, Emma, [Maggie.	240 You May Look, but Mustn't Touch.	221 Put My Little Shoes Away.
33 When you and I were Young	140 There's Always a Seat in the Parlor for You.	225 Darling Nellie Gray.
36 When I Saw Sweet Nellie Home.	152 I've no Mother Now, I'm Weeping	233 Little Brown Jug.
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52 Wife's Commandments.—comic.	163 I Cannot Sing the Old Songs.	238 Sadie Ray.
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58 Little Old Log Cabin in the Lane.	167 Waiting, My Darling, for Thee.	272 The Hat My Father Wore.
59 Marching Through Georgia.	169 Jennie the Flower of Kildare.	273 I've Only Been Down to the Clubs
60 Widow in the Cottage by the Sea.	170 I'm Lonely Since My Mother Died	277 Kiss Me Again.
66 The Minstrel Boy.	172 Resting on the Old Camp Ground.	279 The Vacant Chair.
70 Take Back the Heart.	174 Don't You Go, Tommy, Don't Go.	280 The Sweet Bunny South.
72 The Faded Coat of Blue. [Night.	180 Willie, We have Missed You.	283 Come Home Father.
77 My Old Kentucky Home, Good	182 Over the Hills to the Poor House,	284 Little Maggie May.
84 I'll be all Smiles to Night Love,	186 Don't be Angry with Me, Darling.	286 Molly Dawn.
85 Listen to the Mocking Bird.	191 Flirtation of the Fan.	288 Sally in Our Alley.
89 Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still	196 Why did She Leave Him? [father.	292 Poor Old Ned.
91 Sunday Night When the Parlor's	198 Then Must Learned to Love Another	294 Man in the Moon is Looking.
95 The Gypsy's Warning. [Full.	210 There's None Like a Mother.	296 Broken Down.
102 'Tis But a Little Faded Flower.	224 You Were False, but I'll Forgive.	300 My Little One's Waiting for Me.
104 The Girl I Left Behind Me.	230 Whisper Softly, Mother's Dying.	301 I'll Go Back to my Old Love Again
105 Little Buttercup.	231 Will You Love Me, When I'm Old.	302 The Butcher Boy.
107 Carry Me Back to Old Virginny	239 Annie Laurie.	303 I've Gwine Back to Dixie
112 The Old Man's Drunk Again.	238 Sherman's March to the Sea.	306 Where is My Boy To-Night.
116 I Am Waiting, Essie Dear.	254 Come, Katie, Come.	310 The Five Cent Shave.
219 Take Me Back to Home & Mother		315 Linger, Not Darling.
120 Come, Sit by My Side, Darling.		326 Dancing in the Sunlight.

We will send by mail, post-paid, any ten of these songs for **10 cents**; any twenty-five songs for **15 cents**; any Fifty for **25 cents.** Or we will send all the above one hundred songs, post-paid for **40 cents.** Remember, we will not send less than ten songs. Order songs by NUMBERS only. Send one or three cent postage stamps. Valuable Catalogue Free. Mention this paper. WORLD MANUF'G CO., 122 Nassau Street, New York.

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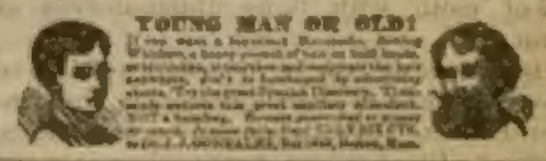

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

CLOTH is much worn with moire; the corsage is of moire, and the rest of the dress of cloth, trimmed with pleatings, bouillonnes, and bows of satin.

Moire is also mixed with satin; the skirt and corsage are of satin, with a tunic consisting of two draped scarfs, one of satin, one of moire, with a wide moire scarf tied round the hips, ending in a large bow behind, in which are introduced some satin loops.

This style of dress is generally trimmed with chenille fringe, and is very attractive.

Many of the new moires have threads of colored satin passing through them, and this makes them very suitable for combining with other colored materials.

The beautiful Lyons moire is sometimes plain, and sometimes stripes, and is used for bias bands, revers, well-fitting corsages, etc.; it is never gauged, as this would spoil the whole effect.

At present, there is considerable discussion as to the propriety of trimming cloth dresses with appliqued plush.

The plush appliques are very handsome, and many ladies trim their cloth dresses in this way themselves; some embroider in this way bands of cloth and sew them on the dress; but the effect is not nearly so good when the dress itself is embroidered; the weight of an already rather heavy dress is increased by the bands, and weight should be avoided as much as possible in a cloth dress.

Walking costumes are always made with round skirts, often hemmed, and it is this hem that is ornamented with the appliqued plush, which is in a darker color than the dress, and of the best quality, no matter what the price may be; the under skirt is generally of faille.

Very beautiful manties and redingotes are made of velvet brocade with magnificent bouquets in relief; one model is made of this kind of velvet in seal-brown, lined with old-gold satin edged with a wide seal-skin band, and trimmed with coquilles of seal-brown silk lace embroidered with brown beads.

A redingote is made of similar velvet in black, lined with ruby satin, edged with a feather fringe and trimmed with Chantilly lace up the fronts in a double jabot, round the neck in a pierrot collarette, and round the ends of the back; the large bows and sash behind are of white satin ribbon.

Velvet visites and polisses trimmed with lace, are the handsomest autumn vetements that ladies can wear; they often have a kind of pelerine made of chenille fringe, row upon row, well beaded with jet; or robings of these materials, or of lace, are placed up the sides. There is, indeed, no limit to the luxury of trimming.

For afternoon At Homes striped and tartan plushes are much used as trimmings for toilettes; a dress trimmed in this style has the round skirt of mouse-grey surah, edged with a double surah pleating, and the coat bodice is of grey velvet, with large collar and revers of tartan plush, a scarf of this material being tied behind mixed with loops of surah, and nearly touching the edge of the skirt.

The chapeau to accompany this costume is of mouse-grey felt, trimmings of tartan plush.

Surah dresses are made in all colors trimmed with rich colored plushes, especially for young girls, whose mothers and elder sisters wear glace silk trimmed with colored lace.

Cloth and sicilienne are worn principally in plain, severe styles, a straight plain corsage, and long ample train, the tunic opens over a skirt of the same colored satin, or a simulated tablier of brocbe; cloths are worn in purple, prune, red-brown, violet and iron-grey, this last especially for the morning; a very tasteful costume, has a skirt of grey satin, trimmed with gathered flounces, and the cloth polonaise is open en coeur over a puffed chemisette of satin, the gigot sleeves are of cloth with tight under-sleeves of satin.

Heliotrope and the various shades of mauve have returned to favor for evening and dinner dresses. This is a concession to blondes, as the brilliant rubies, flame colors, garnets, etc., are only becoming to brunettes; and these colors have held sway lately almost to the total exclusion of paler and softer tints.

An evening toilette of great richness is composed of a skirt of apricot satin, and a tunic of red Oriental satin, embroidered with fantastic flowers, and all kinds of signs including crosses, stars, etc. The skirt is ornamented with lace flounces round the edge, and on the train are draperies of satin merveilleux forming a species of valance mingled with lace. The tunic, of Oriental satin, is low-necked and fastened with ruby buttons, and the train, lined with satin, is draped to the left at the back, falling in a long pointed end, also lined with apricot satin.

In contrast to this is a toilette of slate-blue faille, with trained skirt, the tablier draped high to the left of the front, disclosing a skirt beautifully embroidered with a thick ruche of faille. The long train is ornamented on the upper part with a bow of faille under a rich fringe of beads, and the plain corsage has a pointed plastron embroidered with beads.

Roses of every shade are studded among the flounces or folds on one side. Plaitings of colored satin or points of colored plush are introduced among the flounces with good effect. The flowers are then of satin, or plush, matching in color.

A cream satin dress, arranged with alternate cream and gold lace flounces in front, has a bodice of striped gold and cream and wide sash of gold, arranged from the front to form paniers, and fall long at the back, caught up here and there with loops of the two laces.

For a young married lady, a lovely ball toilette is of white satin and gauze; the satin skirt is covered with narrow flounces of white Spanish lace, and crossed with a tablier-tunic of gauze, draped high to the left side and forming a puff at the back. The corsage of white satin is open en coeur in the front and at the back, and the short sleeves are simply formed of a puff of white satin edged with narrow lace. A long wreath of mingled poppies and wheat-ears crosses the corsage diagonally, from the point of the opening to the left side under the arm, then falls low on the skirt, reaching almost to the edge: in the coiffure is a spray of poppies with drooping wheat-ears. The skirt is bordered with a double pleating, one of lace, and over it one of white satin, and the gloves are of pale straw-color almost the same as the wheat-ears, but somewhat lighter.

Many of the new dresses seem to surpass previous attempts by their richness; a plush dress is of extraordinary magnificence; it consists of a black satin dress, tightly fitting, over a second dress, following the shape of the first, of black plush, but plush with pile so long that it has the appearance of black fur: it is, however, more silky, lighter, more graceful than fur: the sides are cut up a short distance to show the rich lining of crimson satin merveilleux. The corsage is a cuirasse of black velvet, with points in front, and edged with a bias band of black plush, finished off behind with an enormous bow of black velvet, almost hiding the plush skirt. Such an eccentric, though rich, dress as this is only suitable for Paris.

A handsome dinner toilette is of garnet velvet and satin; on a skirt of garnet silk is arranged part of a tablier formed of robings of embroidered satin, separated by others of bouillonne satin; above this a skirt of velvet is draped as a tablier in regular folds to the left side; the long train is of velvet, and the skirt is bordered with a pleating of garnet satin.

The corsage is a habit bodice of velvet, cut away in front like a Spanish jacket, with a waist-coat of embroidered satin fastened in the middle; the back is of a tailleur form, side pieces being prolonged to the back, forming the position. The half-length sleeves are of embroidered satin edged with a tab of satin, fastened with a clasp of old silver.

Fireside Chat.

NEEDLEWORK.

A NOTICEABLE feature in the needlework of the past and coming year is the disappearance of the once popular floral crewel embroidery behind the linen canvas, the ingrain silks and cottons, and the conventional patterns of Russian work. Nor is this the only revival of cross-stitch; for under the names of Tapestry, Old English, Old Saxon, and Mosaic work, it appears in many forms, one of which is the copying of pictures in a stitch wholly unsuited to them.

Among the other features of needlework are the introduction of plush as a material for working upon, the prevalence of applique work, the enrichment of almost all kinds of embroideries with gold thread and metallic beads, the increasing popularity of painting on textile fabrics, and the return to brighter colors.

Proofs these may be of the fickleness of fashion, but the exhibition of ancient needlework held last spring at South Kensington abundantly proved that, though in our minds it is all classed together as "ancient" its several varieties had nevertheless each their day and their turn of popular favor. In one thing alone is there a difference, and it is both an important and a humiliating one, namely, that while the various kinds of ancient needlework were purely original the varieties of modern are, for the most part, but their revivals and imitations.

I will begin the review of the needlework of to-day with the various styles of cross-stitch embroidery. In the Russian work, there are many elaborate and beautiful designs for the coming season. Such as large "over-towels," with deep borders in red and blue, that are faithfully copied from early patterns preserved in the Continental museums. The entire furnishing of a bed-room may be embroidered in this style, and it will wash and wear well.

Russian work, carried out over canvas, of which the threads are afterwards pulled away, is used on an endless variety of materials, such as satin for slippers, bags, and ties, and it even ornaments gloves.

Cross-stitch work also appears in the light and mixed tints for stripes and borderings on their backs in toile Colbert.

We have another revival of the stitch in the tapestry work, in tapestry colors. There are also admirable revivals of it under the names of Old English work and Old Saxon borders, the latter being in a finer stitch than the former; and has introduced a style of cross-stitch work called "Roman Mosaic." Here the colors are bright, and the floral designs have very much the effect of the Mosaic after which they are named. They are chiefly intended for cushions, with a flower or spray starting from each corner; and one especially good, and bright without gaudiness, is a design of blue cornflowers. Satisfactory blue designs are not often met with.

In Holbein work, which is akin to Russian work, the needlework houses are preparing some very pretty satin bags, of olive green and other colors in satin, having a band of the work in a lighter shade across the bottom. Another variety of work carried out in washing materials is outline embroidery in which there are some handsome sideboard cloths, with mottoes in satin stitch.

The kinds of plush work are many. There is one in which the designs are raised over wadding, and another, in which the design is stamped, and, in working, is raised to a level with the pile by being first gone over with crewels, and afterwards with filoselle or crewel silk. Another new kind of plush work has the embroidery sunken and the pile raised. It is in cashmere and other conventional designs, and the effect is very handsome. There are table-tops, fire-screens with little falling shelves to take a cup of tea or a book, and some boxes in embroidered plush having a palette with a landscape painted on it upon the lid, intended either to hold a plant box, or stand on the toilette table as receptacles for odds and ends. A unique kind of plush work has a tufted plush applique on plush, the applique edged and confined here and there with a silk cord, which is adapted for large cushions or mantel borders and curtains. Background embroidery is also made a specialty and a new feature in it is the old gold filoselle used for borderings, which have almost the effect of gold lace.

Coming now to the embroideries on other materials, we have a very handsome one, called "Brocat," the ground of which is interwoven with threads, the design being embroidered in crewel stitch in bright colors. The new moire satin is likewise utilized, the satin stripes being embroidered in Holbein stitch. For slippers, tea-cosies, and small articles, there is a new kind of materials, to be embroidered in conventional parti-colored patterns, which have a kaleidoscopic effect.

The new appliques are also much in request for cushions. The "Noue work" silk appliques, with many different confining stitches in coarse silk, and some in gold-colored silk French lace, in conventional patterns on velvet, are very handsome. Russian applique in silks, edged with Russian lace, is novel, and so are the satin appliques copied from old Italian designs, the applique being edged with gold or steel beads, or gold thread; and others, under various names, such as Greek work.

There is a revival of the beautiful Italian embroidery in brick stitch on satin, in conventional scrolls and flowers, which we owe to Messrs Faudel and Phillips. The Ladies' Work Society have a cushion in this work, grounded in couching, from an old design, which almost rivals its prototype. The outline of some of the forthcoming designs is followed by gold thread, and it will then be called Florentine work.

A new work from Milan has been introduced, called "Moss work," the designs being conventional scrolls edged with moss like stitches in many shades of green, interspread with tiny flowers. It is suited for cushions or borders.

D'Oyleys are never out of fashion, and there are many novelties for them, among which are little Japanese designs of fans and birds in undyed silks on white China silk, quickly and easily worked. The Ladies' Work Society have some colored Japanese designs, copied from china on satin, which are very pretty.

Among new materials I may mention the Queen Anne beading, introduced in the beginning of the present year. It is adapted for bordering squares, cushions, or large appliques.

There are two new kinds of silk for embroidery, which meet a desideratum. One is the "Filo-Floss," combining the lustre of floss silk with the divisibility of filoselle and possessing another advantage, in not fraying if carefully used. It is dyed in durable "Eastern shades," many of which will bear washing, and in the sale the washing colors will be distinguished by a red label. Another is the rope silk—a twisted silk of a coarse strand and beautifully bright texture—which is well adapted for large Russian stitch, or indeed large work generally; while it is also suited for edging appliques, and other purposes for which a coarse embroidery silk or a fine cord are required, as it answers to both those descriptions.

Correspondence.

I. B. I., (Rogersville, Pa.)—See answer to T. H.

S. P., (North Adams, Mass.)—The company is entirely reliable.

A. T. C., (Magnolia, N. C.)—The books cannot be procured in pamphlet form.

T. H., (Ind.)—Send to Claxton & Co., Publishers, this city. They will get for you what you want.

J. B. W., (Gainsville, Mo.)—In all our transactions with them we have found them always reliable.

ADDIE, (Memphis, Tenn.)—"Qui bien aime est tarde oublier," is French, and means "Whoever loves truly is slow to forget."

SKILLETTE, (Memphis, Mo.)—The quotation "What cannot be eschewed must be embraced" sounds like Shakspeare, but we are not certain. Perhaps some of our readers can give the author?

SILLY, (Republic, Kans.)—It is wrong to correspond with a person you never saw under any circumstances. If the case could be worse it would be when the person is hungry and vulgar. Drop him immediately.

J. E. L., (Norris Fork, Va.)—We cannot tell with certainty the present whereabouts of the gentlemen. One we believe to be dead and the other is probably living in retirement in Massachusetts. You should know the names they wrote under were not their real ones.

EARL, (Jacksonville, Fla.)—We do not see that your case presents any difficulty. We shall tell you how to make advances to the young lady you "have fallen violently in love with." You tell us that you are acquainted with the young lady's sister, and that she has told you your love is reciprocated. What more do you require? Ask the sister to introduce you to the object of your affections, and then, like Davy Crockett, "go ahead."

KUZZLEBACK, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—As we remember the anecdote, Pope was discussing among a number of gentlemen the meaning of a certain line in Homer. Although he translated the Greek poet, it is said he was not a good scholar in the language. One of the gentlemen present said the line should be read as though it had a mark of interrogation at the end. Pope, who had translated it otherwise, angrily asked: "What is a mark of interrogation?" The reply was: "A little crooked thing that asks questions." Pope was small and deformed of body.

AMI, (Fairfield, Conn.)—We think you decide rashly when you say you could never love a gentleman as you love your lady friend. How can you tell this, when, upon your own confession, you have never had the opportunity to experience what love for a gentleman is? 2. Our own experience, we fear, will not be of much assistance to you; but such as it is, we freely give it. Our love for the ladies has been, now is, and we believe will ever be, stronger than any we have ever had, or ever will have, for the gentlemen. 3. We like the color of your hair very much; it is a rich golden, and must prove no mean ornament to a beautiful female countenance.

OLD FRIEND, (Hopkinsville, Ky.)—There are different origins given for the "a" in the old names Anthony a Wood, Thomas a Becket, etc. Some say it is an abbreviation of "of" or "of the," as Anthony of the Wood. The more probable origin is that it is an abbreviation of the word "ap" or son, in Welsh, like "Mac" in Gaelic. Thus an old form is John ap Howell or John the son of Howell. In time the "ap" became incorporated and forms the common Powell of to-day. In the case of Wood, Becket, and similar names, however, the "ap" would be too harsh to assimilate with "W" or "B," and forming a harsh compound, the "p" was dropped, leaving the "a" referred to. 2. Your question referring to the Bible will require some research, and we will answer in a future number.

MAIDEN, (Tyler, W. Va.)—It always gives as great pleasure to answer the questions of an old maid. We think, however, it is a little unreasonable in you to ask us what chance an old maid of thirty-three ("who is neither good-looking, fascinating in her manners, nor rich,") has of getting married. We really must decline to answer this question, at least until you tell us more about yourself, about the old bachelors and widowers with large families living in your neighborhood, and about many other things. And as to your other question, whether a lady who has attained your age can with any regard to the proprieties of language call herself a young lady, we are afraid we cannot give you a satisfactory answer either. Suppose you refer the question to a jury of unmarried ladies who are of your acquaintance.

E. D., (Goldstone, Can.)—It is regarded by those opposed to it, as morally wrong for first cousins to marry, for the reason that the blood relationship is too close, approaching incest. There are physical reasons also, they claim, why it is inadvisable. Whether right or wrong, the common judgment of mankind in all Christian ages seems to be set against it. In spite of all, however, many such marriages do take place. The first wife of the King of Spain was his first cousin. 2. Following Worcester's Dictionary, the nearest pronunciation we can give of "glaour" is as though spelled "Jouer." "Abydos" is pronounced with the accent on the second syllable, giving "y" the full sound of "i." 3. Moore, the Irish poet, wrote "The Minstrel Boy." Jean Ingelow, the poetess, is English, Mr. Gladstone is an Englishman of Scotch descent. He was born at Liverpool in 1809.

SCHOOLEY, (Mercer Co., Pa.)—We only gave what others said, not what we believed. And besides, we have seen it stated by a noted German metaphysician, that the size and shape of a person's ears are outward marks of that person's temperament and mind. According to this authority, people with large ears are usually well fitted to conduct large enterprises, to receive and pay out large sums; in buying or selling would prefer to leave a margin rather than reduce the quantity of any sort to the exact dimensions of the measure specified, and in giving would prefer to give with a free hand and without too strict a calculation as to the exact amount. Small ears, on the contrary, desire to know the particulars of a story as well as the main facts; take delight in often examining, handling, or constructing tiny specimens of workmanship, are disposed to be exact with respect to inches and ounces in buying and selling—to the extent, at least, of knowing the exact number over and under the stated measure given or received. People with such ears, in most cases, prefer a retail to a wholesale business.